

# THE GOAT

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## ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

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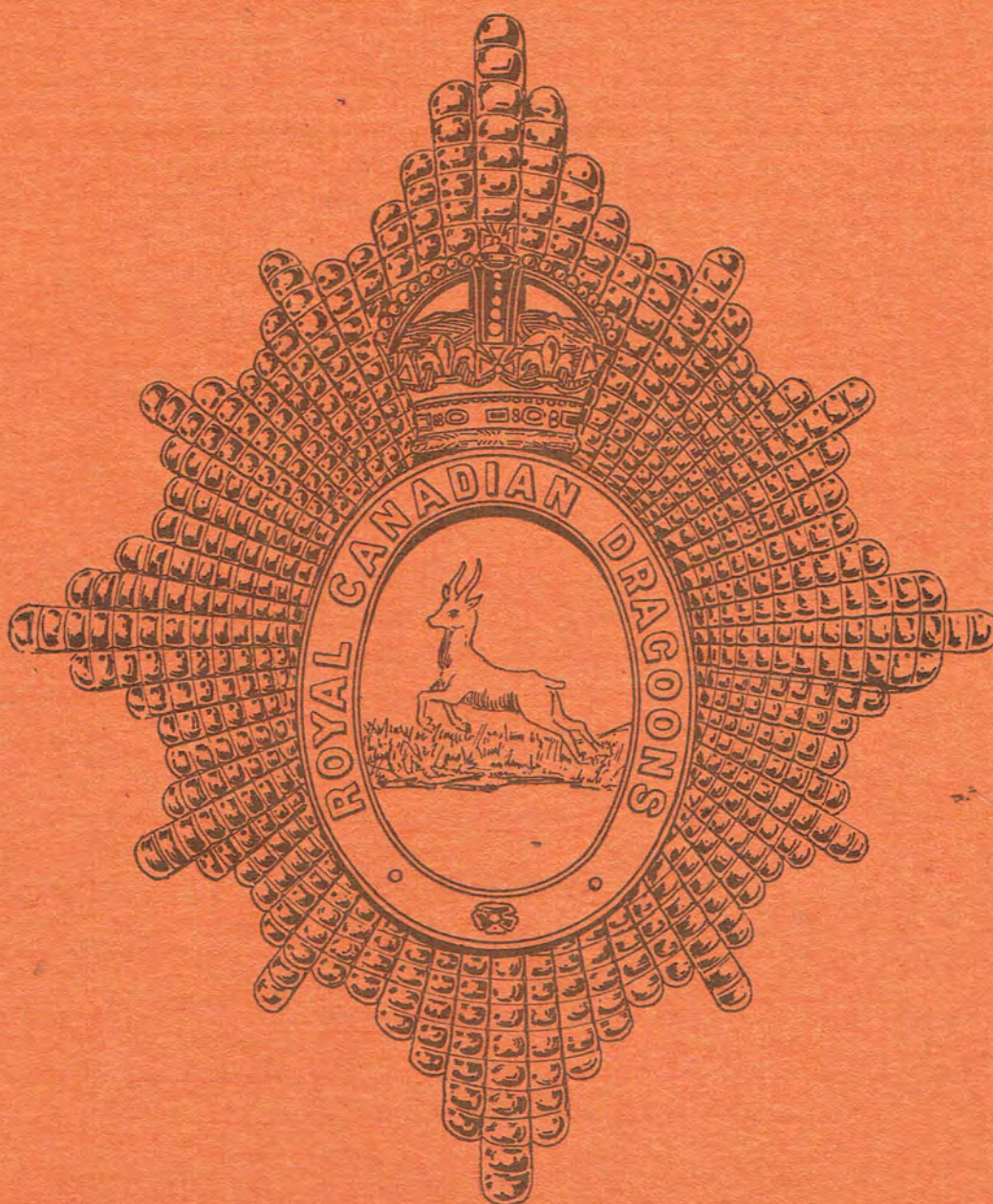
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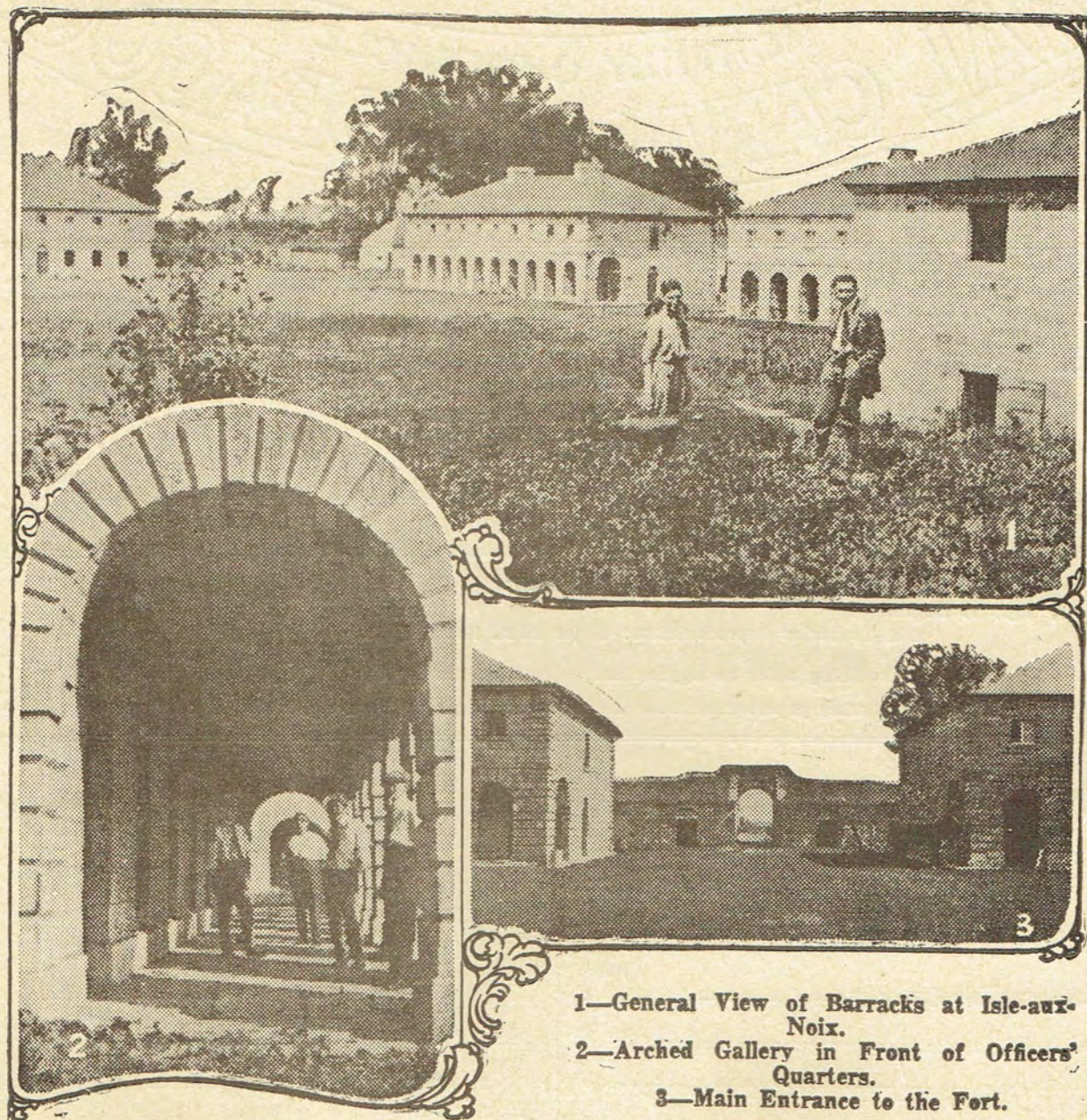
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1—General View of Barracks at Isle-aux-Noix.  
2—Arched Gallery in Front of Officers' Quarters.  
3—Main Entrance to the Fort.



## Editorial.

Unfortunately, we are again a little late in making our monthly bow. The members of the staff at St. Johns have all been absent from the station at some time or other during the past month. This does not tend to make things any easier, but we feel sure that when our readers have perused this number they will conclude that the waiting was worth while.

Major E. A. Hethrington has requested that he be relieved of the duty of assistant editor (Toronto). Major Hethrington finds he cannot keep in touch with "B" Squadron all the year round, owing to the departure of the squadron for camp, etc. The vacated position will be filled by Major W. Baty, R.C.D. We are pleased to state that Major Hethrington is not severing his connection with the magazine; he will be our Old Comrades (Toronto) representative.

In this number we re-publish "The Historic Richelieu Valley," which first appeared in Volume 2, by special request. This article is from the talented pen of Major the Rev. A. H. Moore who was formerly our chaplain at St. Johns. The article covers a period of Canadian history about which modern history books are, unhappily, vague. It should prove of great interest to our readers, particularly those members of "A" Squadron who do not realize the historical associations of the ground over which they perform their daily duties.

We are indebted to Mr. Powell for a number of extracts from soldiers' letters during the war period. These are very amusing and are published on another page. Mr. Powell also continues his article, "Soldiering," in this issue. Many ex-members, after reading Mr. Powell's article, will doubtless be reminded of various war experiences. We will be pleased to publish all such copy. Get over your horror of pen, ink and paper. Ignore, if you will, spelling, punctuation and grammar, for none of us are extremely literary. Just put it down on paper as you would relate it to "Bill Jones," and we'll all be very pleased with it.

Col. Blue and Major Nordheimer are again to the fore with interesting articles. Col. Blue creates a precedent—i.e., for a parliamentary correspondent—by admitting

that some of his prophecies miss the mark. Major Nordheimer's subtle brand of humour is very apparent in "Writing Home."

## Personal & Regimental

(ST. JOHNS)

Lt.-Col. W. H. Bell was a visitor in St. Johns during the past month. While we are always pleased to see our commanding officer, we regretted the occasion of his visit. Col. Bell was enroute to St. John, N.B., to attend the funeral of his father. All ranks of "A" Squadron join in tendering their sympathy to Col. Bell on his sad loss.

Major Salmon, R.C.R., is spending four days in St. Johns visiting friends. He is on his way from Halifax, where he is now stationed, to attend the Canadian Small Arms School.

Mrs. M. Drury left St. Johns on July 17th for Sherbrooke, Que., and will be there until the close of the Sherbrooke Exhibition.

Major N. Neilson, M.C., R.C.R., paid a short visit to St. Johns while on his way to Ottawa, where he is attending the Canadian Small Arms School. At the conclusion of the school, Major Neilson, who for the past few years has been D.A.A.Q.M.G. in M.D. No. 4, will report for duty in London, Ont.

"The Goat" and all members of "A" Squadron express their sympathy to Sgt. R. Harris on the death of his father.

Ex-Tpr. C. Bonacina, who served with "A" Squadron, is visiting relatives in St. Johns.

The following have re-engaged for a further period of service: S. M. (W.O.I.) Mountford, S.S.M. C. W. Smith, Q.M.S.F. C. Hill, Sgt. W. Campbell, Tpr. T. Wheeler, Tpr. E. Harrington, and Tpr. V. Omeusk.

The following have been taken on the strength of "A" Squadron: 949, Tpr. Hebert, W.; 950, Tpr. Hood, R.; 951, Tpr. McDermott, L., and 952, Boy Randle, L.

Sgt. E. Barraclough has been granted leave of absence from July 26th to August 1st.

Sgt.-Major C. W. Smith proceeds to Ottawa on July 26th, where he will attend the Small

Arms School as a candidate for "A" Wing.

S.M. (W.O.I.) Dowdell and Q. M.S.I. Brown are in charge of the arrangements at Point-aux-Trembles.

The squadron is at present undergoing annual musketry. The first party, under Capt. Hammond, left St. Johns on July 11th and returned on the 20th. The second party, under Major Sawers, left on July 20th and will return on July 29th. The third party (recruits), under Capt. Drury, will leave on July 29th and return on August 7th. The longer period allowed for shooting this year is proving very beneficial. The first party produced five marksmen and many first and second class shots. If the remaining parties keep up the good work we shall have quite a respectable average.

The horses have been turned out to pasture while the troops are away at Point-aux-Trembles. The training field has been well fenced and grazing is plentiful. On the first night out a number of the old stagers, led by "Teddy," jumped the fence and reported back to stables for grooming and oats. All the animals are settled down now and are having a perfect holiday. Many rough-riders have ceased lauding their riding abilities now. They evidently expect a hectic time when the horses are brought in.

Brig.-General W. B. M. King, D. S.O., District Officer Commanding Military District No. 1, London, Ont., who is to become our District Officer Commanding on transfer in October next, and Captain J. K. Lawson, R.C.R., visited the Barracks several weeks ago on their way from London, Ont., to Lennoxville, Que., for duty on the

Examining Board of the Militia Staff Course.

Major L. Chenevix-Trench, Royal Engineers, and Mrs. Chenevix-Trench, were visitors at the Barracks last week. They were passing through Montreal on their way home to England from Hong Kong, where Major Chenevix-Trench has been stationed for the past four years.

## THE GARRISON RIFLE ASSOCIATION

Twelve members of "A" Squadron, R.C.D., proceeded to Point-aux-Trembles on Monday, June 14th, and remained there until Wednesday, the 16th. Practise was carried out on all ranges from 200 to 1000 yards and excellent results were obtained, and this squadron should be able to turn out a first class team for the August competitions.

There will be many opportunities for practice during the period of annual musketry from July 12th to August 7th. The programme of the 51st annual meeting of the P.Q.R.A. has been published and contains an interesting list of competitions. One feature in particular is the grant of two tyro team prizes for each competition, which will very much encourage the younger shots.

The P.Q.R.A. will be held on the 11th, 12th and 13th of August.

"You say that the prisoner had been drinking?" said his worship to a policeman who was giving evidence. "Drinking what?" "I think it was whisky," replied the constable. "You think," stormed his worship. "Don't you know the smell of whisky? Aren't you a judge?" Came the reply. "No, I'm only a policeman."



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## Notes from Niagara.

Up till the present R.H.Q. and "B" Squadron have been extremely busy since coming to camp.

The outstanding events have been the opening of a very large camp school of cavalry of approximately forty candidates, of whom over half were officers. The dispatch of a 24-file musical ride to Kitchener, and last, but not least, the Permanent Force training that began on June 24th, when schemes embodying the principles of co-operation with aircraft were carried out in co-operation with a lynx-avero plane of the R.C.A.F., which reached camp on the 23rd of June in charge of Flying Officer Coghill, R.C.A.F., and Pilot Officer MacCaul, R.C.A.F.

Lieut.-Col. Walker Bell, D.S.O., left camp suddenly on June 18th for St. John, N.B., to attend the funeral of his father who, passed away suddenly on June 17th.

The sympathy of all ranks at Niagara Camp is extended to the Camp Commandant in his sad bereavement.

"B" Squadron put on a 24-file musical ride at Kitchener on the 23rd of June. According to reports the citizens of Kitchener gave them a very hearty welcome and were very hospitable.

Major Hubert Stethem was summoned to Toronto rather hurriedly on the evening of June 18th owing to a rather serious accident to his son.

Mrs. Stethem motored around to the camp on the 22nd and while here word was received that Buster had been seriously hurt and had been taken to the Sick Children's Hospital at Toronto.

It appears that he was sliding down a steep railway embankment near the Exhibition grounds, when he came in contact with a broken bottle projecting from the sod which inflicted a very deep and long lacerated wound in the leg and back.

Major Stethem left at once for Toronto with Mrs. Stethem. On arrival it was found that Dr. R. I. Harris had performed a very successful operation. Major Stethem returned to camp before Reveille.

Buster was removed from the hospital to Major Stethem's quarters at a later date, and from latest reports is coming along splendidly, though still confined to bed.

Colonel Logie Armstrong, Director of Records, is in camp attached to "C" Company, R.C.R., till July 3rd.

## POLO FIELD MADE

In other notes reference is made to the busy time at Niagara Camp, but the notes do not refer to the "Big Task!" The story of how the new Belcap Woods Polo Field sprang up in the pasture land.

From early morning till darkness settled down, mowers hay-rakes, lawn-cutting machines and numerous waggons could be seen working feverishly. All officers were there raking and loading the wet grass (it was raining) on to the waggons and performing other agricultural duties.

Then followed the sideboards and the whitewash under the supervision of "Cap." Woods, assisted by Tpr. Duff.

By June 28th the task was completed, and the following games have been played:

June 28th—O.C., R.C.D., vs. Adjutant, R.C.D.; result, tie.

July 1st—Adjutant, R.C.D., vs. Camp Adjutant; no score.

It is hoped that further games will be played at a later date.

## Army and Aircraft Co-operation Schemes

On June 23rd R.C.A.F. Lynx Avero plane F Y arrived in camp A.F., and Pilot Officer Caul, R. A.F., and Pilot Officer Coghill, R. C.A.F. Flying operations commenced on the 24th and proved very interesting and instructive.

Major Stethem, the Camp Adjutant, took to the air as the first passenger on the 24th, and carried out an hour's reconnaissance of the north-eastern part of the peninsula, with a view to compiling suitable schemes for the troops.

The remainder of the morning of the 24th was devoted to short flights for the various officers to give them their "air legs."

Following this were three schemes which embraced reconnaissance and observation, message dropping, co-operation with advanced guard, selection of dropping stations, concealment from the air, etc.

Owing to a very heavy wind on the afternoon of the 25th one of the longerons was broken at the stern of the machine. This necessitated a temporary halt in operations while the necessary repairs were being effected by Cpl. Vince, R.C.A.F., who was hastily summoned from Camp Borden.

Repairs were completed by the 27th and operations resumed.

All R.C.D. and R.C.R. officers were given a flight and called on to carry out certain observation duties.

It proved very instructive for all concerned and it is hoped that

further training will be held at a later date when the R.C.D. will not be so busy with camp schools and will be able to carry out intensive field training.

Gen. A. H. Bell, D.O.C. M.D. 2, and Colonel Persons, G.S.O. M.D. 2, visited camp on June 29th to watch the co-operation schemes being carried out.

On July 1st the firemen of the Niagara district held their annual convention at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

The town was quite lively during the day and in the evening the usual Firemen's Ball was held.

Field sports were held on the camp ground in the afternoon and a baseball game between the camp and some of the visiting firemen. The visitors won.

Several of the officers are carrying out special training in swimming and deep diving.

A rum-runner was sunk in 12 feet of water off the mouth of Four Mile Creek. Her cargo of 240 cases of rye was lost but is apparently being gradually recovered (not by the owners).

Capt. Billy Home, R.C.R., who was recently transferred from "D" Co., R.C.R., is quite settled in his new surroundings. His ability as a diver is a great asset to the camp. (???)

The inhabitants of Kitchener are certainly not Scotch in their methods. The personnel of the musical ride received the best treatment ever accorded them by any town or city. It is a most prosperous city. If Toronto was less "dry" it might be more prosperous. There are no unemployed in Kitchener and goods are cheap.

The Toronto Globe said that today the fourth of July is more a celebration of the century and more years of peace between the English-speaking nations, and for this reason there are always British people taking part in the big American July 4th celebration.

Mr and Mrs. Rand gave a delightful supper party under the huge old trees at Randwood on July 5th. Over fifty guests sat down to supper, which was provided by Coles of Toronto. Col. Bell, Col. Evans, Major Timmis and Captain Bate represented the Canadian Army. Dancing commenced after supper and continued to the accompaniment of an excellent orchestra from Buffalo. At ten o'clock an excellent display of fireworks was exhibited, which lasted until eleven o'clock. Col



Evans and Major Timmis assisted the two Buffalo guests in letting off the fireworks. Major Stethem enjoyed himself at another party which apparently continued on until near the hour of dawn. It is certainly a novelty for a minstrel to parade the town with a gramophone in the place of a guitar playing all the British patriotic airs. By the looks of the interiors of the tents belonging to the visitors to Mr. Rand's party when they returned home, the said minstrel's party must have started and got well going in the compound.

Where did he get all those Stars and Stripes from?

### KITCHENER TATTOO DRAWS LARGEST CROWD IN HISTORY, VICTORIA PARK

The following is an extract from "The Daily Record," Kitchener, June 24th, 1926:

Fully 9,000 people jammed the athletic field at Victoria Park last evening to witness the great annual summer amusement classic, the Kitchener Tattoo, staged under the auspices of the Kitchener Musical Society. It was an event that will live in the minds of those who saw the spectacle. As a tattoo it easily surpassed the past efforts of the organization. The park was well crowded long before the time set for the performance and when the parade of the bands from the City Hall to the park was concluded masses of anxious humanity clamoured for admission to the grounds. It was easily the largest throng of spectators ever assembled in the athletic field.

Outstanding features of the programme were the Royal Canadian Dragoons and the K-W Y.M.C.A. tumblers. These two events alone were worth the price charged for admission. Enthusiasm ran high as the Dragoons marched single file from the rear of the field to take their place before the stands. As they went through their musical ride enthusiasm waxed to the point of intensity, and the military men with their sleek horses and colourful uniforms were given round after round of ovation.

#### Dragoons Popular

The performance of the Royal Canadian Dragoons was without doubt the finest military spectacle witnessed in this city for many years. Working in perfect unison and under the glare of the great spotlights, the troop executed perfectly riding in platoons, in single,

in pairs, circling and criss-crossing, the horses keeping perfect time with the music furnished by the Kitchener Regiment band. It was a splendid spectacle and well merited the thunders of applause accorded it. That the efforts of the tattoo committee, assisted by the influence of W. D. Euler, M.P., in securing the Militia Department's permission for the troop to perform here, were appreciated was well evidenced by the tumult of applause which greeted the conclusion of the Daagoons' performance.

### Bytown Bits.

Cavalry School. — The District Cavalry Camp School is now in full swing here and by the time this appears in print will have finished its work. The candidates are all members of the P.L.D.G. and number 17, all ranks. Classes were held at Ottawa and Pembroke for the first part of the course, and on July 1st all ranks moved into camp at Connaught Ranges. They had their own little show there until the 7th of July, when the P.L.D.G. arrived in camp for their nine days training. The exams were held at the close of the camp. The school was under command of Major W. Baty, R.C.D., with Q.M.S. I. T. A. Aisthorpe M.M., D.C.M., as assistant.

Small Arms School Opens.—The Canadian Small Arms School is now in action at Connaught with Lieut.-Col. W. K. Walker, D.S.O., M.C., in command. He is assisted by Captain J. Wood, R.C.D., as chief instructor, and Captain Joe Trudeau, Royal 22nd Regiment, as Adjutant.

The Centenary.—About umteen committees are busy getting the big centenary show ready for the month of August in Ottawa. The military end of the show will comprise a church parade on Sunday, August 15th, and a tattoo in front of the grandstand at the exhibition grounds on the night of the 16th. For the week-end the Queen's Own Rifles, the 91st Highlanders, Hamilton, and the 65th Regiment from Montreal will visit the capital. The services on Sunday will be conducted by Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Ottawa. On Monday night the various units of the Ottawa garrison will put on the show in front of the grandstand and a good entertainment is promised.

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the invention of the devil and the cause of more profanity than anything else in the world, and this includes Ford cars and radios. The other day I spent the whole forenoon trying to get through to talk to Tiny Walker at Connaught, and after much profanity and hot words, managed it. Now that the contribution list for the flag pole at headquarters is completed, I think it would be a god idea to secure subscriptions for a private telephone to the Ranges. If the department cannot look after this perhaps the open-hearted readers of "The Goat" will send in their mite to the treasurer of the Over-and-Back Club, who have graciously extended their patronage to secure the much-needed equipment.

A Fond Memory.—the advent of Captain Jimmy Wood to Ottawa calls to mind the first time he was attached to the P.L.D.G. in Barriefield in 1907. Jimmy was a blushing young N.C.O. and I was a very junior troop leader. He had been giving a troop the detail for "prepare to dismount," and one of the lads completed the movement. "Here, you," yelled Jimmy, "who told you to dismount?" The youthful cavalier realized he had pulled a bone but tried to cover it up. "I am an odd number," was

the reply. "You're dam right you are," shot back truthful James. And the troop roared its approval.

Things Political.—Well the little prophecy that I made last month respecting the life of Parliament was so much apple sauce. Which goes to prove that you cannot always tell from where you sit. The King ministry went down before an adverse vote and His Excellency called on the Right Hon. Arthur Meighen to carry on. But little Artie got bumped a few days later and now instead of spending their summer by stream and lake and having a good time, the members of the House of Commons will have to work up their ridings and try and explain to the electors why they should be sent back to represent them again. The sudden bust-up cut out all the military display and the citizens of Ottawa were to have an old-time eye-full with the Dragoons and the Guards in their full pre-war review order. The high powers at headquarters say that the N.P. training will not be in any way altered and that units will do their bit as if nothing had happened.

Are in Camp. — The P.L.D.G. trained at Connaught Ranges this month; the 3rd Battalion, Cana-



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dian Signallers, and the 1st Brigade, C.F.A., at Petawawa, and the 3rd Field Company at Kingston. The 38th will do a week-end camp with the Lanark Regiment at Connaught over Labour Day.

Fired Salute.—The 1st Brigade, C.F.A., fired the salute on Dominion Day at high noon.

A Correction.—Mr. Robt. Forke, the erstwhile leader of the Progressive Party, has denied the rumour that if he had been called upon to form a cabinet that Miss Agnes MacPhail would have been given the Ministry of National Defence. A nineteen year old boy wonder in South Grey has made a speech in favour of Agnes, which all boy scouts and cadets should read, mark, learn and inwardly digest.

### QUERIES FROM POINT-AUX-TREMBLES

Does the Quarter-Master make a practise of taking "iron rations" for a light lunch?

Is a certain member of the Instructional Cadre spending a lot of time at Dominion Park, or is his habit of throwing stones at the hut inhabited by more intellectual individuals just a means to the end of keeping his hand in for indoor ball?

Why did the representative of the R.C.A.M.C. warn the troops that wild strawberries were very dangerous for their constitution? Was he actuated by greed or guile?

Is the thrift wave that is sweeping the squadron responsible for some of the "low" scores at the ranges? Certain youths, from habit doubtless, are putting most of their shots into the bank.

Has "Bill" Campbell patented his new peep-sight yet, and why has he called it "Nancy?"

Did the markers protest against Cpl. Desnoyers and Tpr. Rodney using the smooth-bore shot-guns?

The pen is mightier than the sword, we know; but is the pencil mightier than the rifle?

Some men are born good shots; others are fair shots; still others are poor shots; but there remain a few who are generally half-shot.

Jones: "I tell you, Singleton, you don't know the joys and felicities of a contented married life, the happy flight of years, the long restful calm of—"

Singleton: "How long have you been married?"

Jones: "A month."

## Soldiering.

By F. W. POWELL

(Continued)

A few (fortunately, a very few) thought it proper to create a "western" effect. To that end they purchased for a few cents at Woolworth's a large red handkerchief, which, in a negligee anner, they draped about their necks. Collars were considered superfluous by these gentlemen. The wildest of these westerners carried revolvers. "Guns" they called them. The result was highly gratifying to themselves. Suppose they wished to appear different. You see, in those early days of the war it was not everybody who could be a soldier, and they wished recognition.

### The Why of it All.

Now to be serious for a few minutes. This is to do with loyalty mainly and it would be well for those who are not interested in the subject to skip along to the next section. I shall not take much of your time and ask those who are with me to be tolerant. It is of the First Contingent I would speak. You have all heard those base stories circulated concerning the motives that prompted enlistment in 1914. Many spared no bones about saying that this aggregate was composed in main of men who either took this as their only possible opportunity of getting back 'ome, or unemployed who, in desperation, joined up, not caring a damn what happened. To those who speak thus loyalty means absolutely nothing. Loyalty to anything is highly commendable, but loyalty to one's country is the very noblest of all the virtues. It is a foul libel to attribute the eagerness of the 1914 men to these despicable motives. Generally speaking, they were men of high intelligence who knew full well what they were about. Of course the general opinion was that the war would be of short duration. We had a great faith in the might of the Mother Country and felt she would humble this proud invader in a very short time. War at best is an idiotic business, and none of us believe that wars accomplish anything but misery and suffering. We are, as a matter of fact, opposed to war, yet when it comes thank God there are still men enough to go out and fight a common enemy. Life in Canada is very easy under British rule. This war would not harm us greatly it seemed. Here, liberty and freedom were not the empty phrases of our neighbours across the line, and because we are

Canadians we are also British. It is to our everlasting credit that the people of Canada went to wholeheartedly to the assistance of the Mother Country.

Here then was the situation. Great Britain was at war. No questions were raised as to its justification. Sufficient that a war was on and that Canada meant to be in it. That's all. That's the only motive. It was loyalty, sheer loyalty. Disprove it who can. That there was no lack of volunteers is in itself a tribute to Canada's loyalty. Without the slightest hesitation men left their jobs and took up the sword. All classes were represented, as were all parts of this great Dominion of ours. Really, it was splendid. Think for a moment what they did when they really got into it. Canada can never be too proud of her war record. Never once did her soldiers fail to reach their objective. Ever think about just what this means? It means, in the first place, (to be very vulgar yet most expressive) guts. It means dogged persistence in the face of overwhelming odds. It means an ability to fight a losing fight with as much determination as if they were winning. It means privation and suffering and calls for all that is big and noble in man.

A fearful price was paid for this. Let those who question Canada's loyalty to the mother country stand in one of the too-many war cemeteries in France or Belgium and there receive an eloquent reply. For here lie the men who paid the price. They gave all they could. How positively criminal to sully the magnificence of the gift with these monstrous accusations of questionable motives. They went to the war because it was the only thing for them to do if they would retain their self-respect. They had no wish to be killed or terribly maimed. Their country called, and, without considering the cost, they responded. That's the why of it all.

The enemy had hoped otherwise, and it was a distinct shock for him to discover that Canada was, is, and will always remain, essentially British.

### Under Way

We were ordered one day to line up for inoculation. Of course it was to be clearly understood that the operation was not absolutely compulsory, but a man could not hope to ever see the front unless submitting to the operation. In consequence all were inoculated, and all left Winnipeg with sore arms.

It was a Sunday evening when



we left and I am afraid that the churches did but very poor business that night. The city turned out en masse to cheer us on our way. The majority seemed in the highest spirits but here and there was an expression on a face that betokened the greatest suffering. A lump comes to my throat whenever thinking of our slow progress through the crowded station to the train. The band was playing O Canada. A lane was left open in this packed assembly through which we slowly passed. Somebody had chalked up in huge letters upon the sides of our coach, "Winnipeg to Berlin." It eventually proved a longer trip than any expected, for none of us reached there. A little optimism is never to be despised. My mind is a bit hazy as to what happened between Winnipeg and Valcartier, but I do remember a route march at Fort William where the girls showered cigarettes and chocolates upon us.

Upon our arrival at Valcartier we found several regiments already settled down to army life. These men were lined up on each side of the road. Incoming troops were greeted with a song intimating that we were in the army now and would never get rich on account of that fact. This cheered us immensely. The discovery was made that we had left Winnipeg too soon and no one seemed to know just what to do with us. After hanging about for a few hours—strangers in a strange land—we were allotted a piece of ground with some tents and proceeded to begin soldiering in earnest.

Familiarity with a task makes all the difference. While all expressed a deep knowledge none really appeared to know very much about the erection of tents. They saw that many hands make light work, but you can have too many hands. We had altogether too many. Those who knew most gave orders that none obeyed, for we all had different ideas on the subject. One moment the tent would be up, the next it had collapsed on some unfortunate who was monkeying with the tent-pole. All comes to he who waits long enough. Our tent was up. The erection had occasioned many bitter words and hasty opinions, but it was up and we began to decide just who should share it with us. Would we always be green? The discussion had waxed fast and furious. We had even drawn lots, but as everybody was black-balled we were no farther ahead. A nasty sergeant jush then came along and spoiled everything. Everything was wrong. Not only was our tent out of line but the door faced in the wrong

direction. Having corrected this we again endeavoured to dispose ourselves in the best locations. No sooner was this accomplished than the order came to fall in at the end of the lines. "From the right, number .... into file .... right turn .... quick march you were .... quick march .... head, left wheel .... halt .... stannatease .... easy." Hot stuff, this sergeant, eh what?

"First 16 men fall out—here's your tent," and so on right down the line. Sixteen men to a tent! Is it possible? Yea, my son, all is possible in the King's Armeé. Worst of it was the other fifteen were men I was not at all crazy about. Still, suppose we'd get used to it in time. Take more than this to dampen our enthusiasm. Just the same it did seem somewhat cramped. Where on earth were we to place the 32 feet? To my own personal way of thinking, four would have nicely filled the tent. Four times that number seemed a bit thick. The thing was a huge joke till we got to know each other better and then 16 proved altogether too many. All right if one got between the blankets before first post. To be the last in meant making fifteen deadly enemies. They had left about two inches of open space at the head of the bed. To reach this spot one must needs flounder all over these legs and feet. As you groped around amidst a veritable avalanche of curses some blighter outside would trip over a guy rope the pole would in consequence shake itself free of the candle attached to it by its own grease, the hot wax would cool your already overheated head, there would be a pronounced smell of burning, the tent would be in an uproar, and at that identical moment "lights out" would blow. The consequential struggles in the darkness are too painful to remember. At last you would get squeezed. They were supposed to be your comrades but they loved you not so made no effort to assist. Not one inch would they budge, and it was only by grim, persistent perseverance that I would find half of one shoulder on the floor of the tent while the rest of me was divided amongst my enemies. No use listening to their protests. My legs, being fixtures, had to go somewhere, and what if a foot did find its way into a chap's face, it was his own fault. If he would hog all the tent he must put up with it.

Ventilation was another source of disagreement. There were sixteen opinions on the subject. All differed on minor matters, but all, save myself, were absolutely down

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on "draughts." In consequence the tent was hermetically sealed at night. Not an atom of fresh air was permitted to enter and as none could escape the morning atmosphere was far from pleasant.

#### Messing

Messing seemed a horrible name to apply to eating, but my first breakfast at Valcartier proved that there is always a lot in a name. Washing before breakfast was not general. A few performed this necessary rite but more did not, and for this reason alone the meal was not relished as much as it might have been. In speaking of life in the open one almost invariably mentions the enormous appetite that goes with it. My appetite was, still, thank goodness, distinctly good, but conditions would not permit the breaking of my fast this first morning. In kindness I will mention no names, but the mess orderly was an exceptionally sloppy individual. Wrong. It was not me. Guess again. Think he had not washed since leaving Winnipeg.

He was standing over the lid of a dixie in which some sickly-looking bacon lay in a bath of horribly

dirty grease. He lacked the necessary implements for the distribution of the stuff, so with his filthy hands would fish out a chunk of bacon and pass it to other hands almost as dirty. He did not stay on the job, but, bidding us "dig in," walked away. The sight of those hands "digging in" so disgusted me that I went breakfastless.

One gets accustomed to anything and the next morning I dug in like a good one and quite enjoyed it. So far we had no equipment and it was a bit of a puzzle to know how to transport one's ration of Mulligan to one's tent. Folded newspapers were tried but were hardly successful. The print gave an unpleasant flavour to the mixture. Tin cans were in great demand, but thrice blessed was the man who had packed a tin cup and plate along with him.

Very quickly this omission was corrected and we were issued with mess-tins, knife, fork and spoon, a huge jack-knife, but no napkins.

#### I Do a Guard

The orderly corporal—or was it sergeant?—well, one or the other, detailed me to fall in at 4 o'clock



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"I don't want to be mixed up  
in this," murmured the lemon, on  
viewing the cocktail shaker.

at the end of the lines. I was for  
guard. Sounded imposing. Un-  
fortunately I was still in full civ-  
ilian get-up. Thinking it would  
look better to have at least a rifle,  
and failing to get satisfaction else-  
where, I stopped the colonel and  
asked his opinion on the matter.  
He was a good sport. Murmuring  
something about why not ask the  
general, he referred me to my great  
friend, the Quarter Bloke. This  
gentleman happened to be out of  
rifles just then but I could have  
an ov—sorry, great-coat. Great  
was right. It was immense. Orig-  
inally intended for a man at least  
twice my size, it trailed gracefully  
behind me. We did our best with  
safety pins and things but the  
result still left much to be desired.  
It failed to hang in the proper  
military manner, neither did it add  
to my dignity. The orderly was a  
thorough gentleman and did not  
reveal the amusement my get-up  
afforded him. Hoping against  
hope that none of my friends  
would see me, I paced my beat  
with a dejected air.

Upon taking over they had read  
some orders off to us, but as I was  
not yet familiar with sergeant lan-  
guage it went clean over my head.  
Besides, I was so sorry for myself  
at the awful figure I was cutting  
that nothing else mattered. I did  
grasp the fact, however, that I  
must halt all who pass my post  
after lights out. Just why I should  
do this the army alone knew, and  
just what I would do if they re-  
fused to halt was another mystery.

I can laugh at it now but it was  
no joke then. Can you possibly  
imagine anything more imbecile  
than me on guard? This long cloak  
more like a court dress than any-  
thing else. By this time my grey  
flannel trousers were very much  
the worse for wear. There was a  
tear in one of the knees. My hat  
I had chucked away. Still wore  
a soft collar and passionate look-  
ing tie. Can my shame be won-  
dered at?

Sir Arthur Currie was then our  
Brigadier. He had not yet won  
his singular distinction. I knew  
the man by sight and said not a  
word as he passed after lights out.  
He returned to know why I had  
not halted him. It appears I was  
again wrong. Even if I did re-  
cognize I still must halt all who  
pass my post. Determined to pro-  
fit by this advice from the mighty  
I waited for the next.

This was a pal of mine who, in  
a half-clothed condition, was tear-  
ing towards the latrines.

"Hey, Jack, Halt," I yelled.

"Go to Hell," he replied, as he  
continued on his way.

Here was a rum go. Just what  
must one do in a case like this.

## The Horse and Mule in National Defence.

(From a pamphlet issued by the  
Horse Association of America)

In these days of automobiles, es-  
pecially when one lives in a great  
city it is difficult not to believe  
that the day of the horse, and of his  
hybrid relative, the mule, is rapid-  
ly passing.

### Horses, Mules the Nation Over

But, while we see less of them  
on the congested city streets, and  
most of those of us who live in the  
city make little use of them in our  
daily lives, they nevertheless con-  
tinue to do the bulk of the work  
on our farms and ranches. It is  
vitally necessary to the country  
that they shall continue to do this,  
vitally necessary that we shall keep  
up their breeding, both in quantity  
and quality, so that when emer-  
gency again faces the nation we  
shall have not only the men but  
the animals which are necessary to  
its defence.

### Kinds of Preparedness

We have the man-power for de-  
fence, and it can be mobilized and  
trained with fair speed when the  
occasion demands. Of this the  
World War furnished proof.

We are the greatest of the indus-  
trial nations. We can produce  
more rapidly than any other coun-  
try the great quantity of mech-  
anical devices and munitions that  
are necessary to war. Our indus-  
trial preparedness is being well  
organized.

But there are many things in  
war that can not be done by men  
nor machines; and that only ani-  
mals can do. It takes several years  
to raise horses to the age at which  
they are suitable for hard work,  
and even then the weedy, unsound  
and weak ones can not stand mili-  
tary usage. If the supply of well-  
bred animals is not habitually kept  
up in time of peace, one of the  
most important pillars of the na-  
tion's structure of defence will be  
missing when, unhappily, we are  
again forced to war.

It is from my experience as a  
soldier, and particularly from my  
experience and observation of con-  
ditions of war as we lived them in  
1917 and 1918 that I wish to em-  
phasize to you this national need.

Couldn't decide, but made sure I  
did not see him as he returned.  
Hope his was a painful visitation.

(To be continued)

## Animals Needed in War Time

Many people — even many sol-  
diers whose experience of war has  
been more or less narrow and who  
have seen only the part played by  
their own arm or service, involving  
use of tanks airplanes or motor  
trucks, have the idea that war can  
be fought today with mechanical  
transport only, and without the  
aid of our four-footed friends. But  
I will tell you that it can not be  
done. The contrary, however, is  
sometimes true. Under some cir-  
cumstances quite effective war can  
be waged without mechanical trans-  
port and with the aid of animals  
alone, as witness the opposition  
which the Riffian tribesmen are  
today giving one of the most pow-  
erful military nations of the world.

In the supply of an army in the  
field, ships and trains bring up  
rations, ammunition and the neces-  
sary multitude of supplies of all  
kinds from the home country to  
the depots of the theatre of oper-  
ations. Great convoys of motor  
trucks move these supplies from  
the depots as far forward as the  
good roads required for their oper-  
ation permit, to dumps or distri-  
buting points in the combat zone.  
There the absolute reliability of  
mechanical transport ceases; but  
the soldier in the fighting line  
must not suffer any interruption  
in the arrival of his food and am-  
munition. So it is there, as the  
last link of the service of supply,  
in the very area swept by enemy  
guns, that we find it necessary to  
have great quantities of animal-  
drawn transportation.

### Practical Reliability

In this area, close behind the  
lines, the roads may have great  
shell-craters in them and detours  
must frequently be made through  
the soft ground on the sides. De-  
livery must often be made by by-  
roads and paths to units deployed  
in the hills and mountains off the  
main roads. In winter, as in Bel-  
gium and France in 1917-1918, the  
roads are mires or mud cut to  
pieces by the traffic of long col-  
umns and with no chance of repair,  
or there are unbridged streams to  
be crossed, or there is zero weather  
and the man in the trenches is  
poorly consoled for the lack of a  
day's food by the thought that the  
carburetor on the company ration  
truck goes out of action in the  
cold. So from the division for-  
ward, hard experience has taught  
us to stick to animal-drawn trans-  
portation for supply.

Machine guns in battle are not  
placed near the broad highways as  
a rule, but rather are concealed in  
the rocky ravines, in farm yards



and woods. It is only the horse or mule than can guarantee to take the guns quietly and surely into such positions, many of which are difficult even for men to reach without the use of their hands.

#### Factors in Artillery Placement

Divisional artillery, too, must be able to emplace off the roads. It must be able to get through mud and water with the same degree of certainty as the infantry whom it supports. It frequently goes in position far forward in the combat zone at night when the noise of tractors would betray its presence. It must be able, when occasion demands, to march economically at the slow rate of the infantry, two and one-half miles per hour. Motors can not meet these specifications, and the demand is for horses.

#### Airplanes Aid Cavalry

Many people—again many soldiers, judging war from the standpoint of their own more or less restricted participation, have the impression that the day of cavalry in war has passed; that the airplane, the machine gun and barbed wire have banished it from the theatre of operations. Nothing could be farther from the fact.

It is true that the airplane has relieved cavalry from much of the long distance reconnaissance which formerly only cavalry could do. In this way it assists the cavalry by allowing the latter to be concentrated on its more important missions of close reconnaissance and participation in the battle.

Airplane reconnaissance is not very effective at night or in rainy, foggy weather. Enemy air force has an insistent way of preventing leisurely or continued observation. The airplane must come down to the shelter of its own army when it runs out of gas, so it is not capable of constant observation. The airplane can not bring in negative information, which is often of as much value as positive information. For example, in scanning a large wooded area for the enemy, the aviator can only say, "I did not see the enemy;" cavalry, on the other hand, may well bring the report, "We have been through the woods and the enemy is not there." Both the cavalry and the air service are needed for reconnaissance and one complements the work of the other.

#### Cavalry Work not Transferable

Cavalry participates in the battle today, as in years gone by, on that part of the field which affords most opportunity for its pri-

mary characteristic, its ability to move rapidly when close to the enemy, and across any kind of ground. Rapid movement in war usually finds its plane on the flanks of the battle line.

In the days of Grant and Lee, of Sheridan and Jeb Stuart, brigades and divisions of cavalry were employed on the flanks of armies of a few thousand men deployed and fighting on fronts of a few miles. In the World War we saw really an army of cavalry operating on the flank of the Allied battle line in a war of movement that extended from Roumania to the Suez Canal. Every Allied army commander on the western front wished for cavalry in those days between July 18th and November 11th, 1918. On the brown Mesopotamian plains where the wars of mankind first began, Allenby's cavalry demonstrated that mounted operations on a large scale are still in the war picture. The picture has changed only in scale and war demands more cavalry than ever. Cavalry means horses in great quantities.

At one time we were a nation of horsemen. Those days are gone. We are becoming largely a nation of motor mechanics, and I must say I believe it to be with a lessened health and hardiness, and certainly with an accompanying rotundity and softness of figure. We have exchanged the saddle for the limousine.

#### Defense Demands Horse-Breeding

We were in the past a great horse-breeding nation. There is still a vast aggregate supply. But many of the horses that make up the total are of qualities and breeds not suitable for military usage. It is a national duty that we continue to improve and conserve our supply.

During the World War our allies bought, in this country, between 1914 and 1918, nearly one and one-third million horses and mules for their war needs. We ourselves purchased for military use in 1917 and 1918, 320,000 horses and 160,000 mules, and we had 39,000 animals in the army at the outbreak of war.

Were we again called upon for a great war effort, it has been estimated that we would need 350,000 horses and 300,000 mules on mobilization, and that these would have to be replaced at the rate of 3%, or 19,500 head, per month.

It is only by the most exact and reasoned care on the part of the army remount and veterinary services and of the troops themselves that replacements can be held to any such low figure.

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At one time in the Boer War the British losses of animals ran to as high as 70% per month, due to shipments being made directly from farm to war zone without due conditioning or training.

#### Horsemastership Acquired Slowly

Conditioning and training require men who are horsemen. We must keep alive in our country the cult of the horsemen in order that, in emergency, the knowledge of the few may be spread to the many who have to handle these vast numbers of animals in the national defence. In the last war there was no difficulty in teaching our bright young men the mechanics of artillery firing, but the war did not last long enough to teach our artillerymen to be horsemasters. That is a slow process where experience counts for much and it is acquired at tremendous cost. Any artilleryman who served in the war, and particularly those who made the long winter march from the Meuse to the Rhine, knows the unhappy story of our animals and the wretchedness of their condition at the close of the Meuse-Argonne campaign.

#### All Breeds Have Place

We have many breeds of horses in this country, almost as many as there are makes of automobiles or radio sets. Nearly all have their usefulness in the military service and contribute their bit to the national defensive power. The Clydesdale, the Shire, the Percheron, the Hackney and the Trotter are the breeds which lend their blood to the best of our artillery and transport horses and mules. The thoroughbred, the Kentucky saddle horse, the Morgan and the Arab furnish the stock for our cavalry and riding horses. I hold no brief for any particular breed.

#### All Horsemen Help Nation

The merchant or dealer who keeps horses for the short hauls and frequent stops, where they are more efficient than motors, is helping his country.

The farmer who keeps his faithful equine friends to work in his fields is helping.

The ranchman and cowboy on their ponies at the round-up are helping.

The man who rides in the park



and teaches his children to ride for their health and pleasure is aiding. There is no better prescription than the old one of "the outside of a horse for the inside of a man."

Racing, instead of being merely a rich man's pastime and a mechanism for gambling, as some believe, has become the victim of the uplifter, but is the most powerful factor in keeping, in our country, the blood of the thoroughbred. This blood, above all others, carries with it the qualities of courage, stamina and speed which are so essential to the saddle-horse for military purposes. It will be a sad day for our country if it is permitted to disappear.

Horse shows, polo and hunting, and all the uses of the horse in sport, contribute to our horse supply and to the number of our people who are skilled in horsemanship.

#### All Should Aid Horsemanship

The Government should and does lend its aid through the Bureau of Animal Husbandry of the Department of Agriculture, the Remount Bureau of the War Department, and through the activities of the cavalry and artillery of the Regular Army and National Guard in horse affairs of the country.

Each of these is doing something in a material way to aid in the future defense of the country if that should again become necessary. I ask of you, whenever you may be in such position as to afford it, your sympathetic understanding, your aid and your encouragement in the work of continuing our national horse supply.

An official tells of a country labourer who, on his way to work one morning, called at the offices of the local council and made known his wish to register his wife's death. When the clerk asked the date of the demise the man replied, "She ain't dead yet but she will be before night. I thought it would save me another journey if you put it down now."

"That won't do at all," replied the clerk, "perhaps your wife will live a long while yet."

"Well, I don't know," responded the labourer, doubtfully. "The doctor says she won't, and he knows what he has given her."

Neighbour: "I understand that your son got his B.A. and his M.A."

Father: "That is so, but it is still his P.A. that supports him."

## My War Diary.

(Continued)

(Being the daily jottings from the diary of an officer of the regiment from 1914 to 1919).

**Wednesday, May 10th, 1916**  
(Auchy-les-Hesdin)

Left at 9.00 a.m. for military school and remained there till 1.00 p.m. The regiment defeated the Royal Dragoons at soccer by the score of 2-1. We are affiliated with the Royals. Had the officers and men for dinner and all attended a concert afterwards. It was quite good. Wilkes got his captaincy today.

**Thursday, May 11th**

Squadron parade at 8.30 a.m. Timmis went out to squadron commanders' course at Framcourt. We had squadron and troop drill till 11.30 a.m. A new pack-saddle for carrying shovels and picks has been made and we are to have ours ready by Monday. Inspection of transport at 2.30 p.m. by C.O. On May 22nd we go on our training. Whitehead went on leave today. Second Troop played First Troop at indoor ball. I pitched for First Troop. Score 16-16.

**Friday, May 12th**

Squadron parade at 8.30 a.m. Did advance guard work till 11.30 a.m. Gave lecture to scouts. Saw Timmis on course. Am Regimental Orderly Officer today. After lunch Hughes and I arranged ball game with the R.C.H.A. officers tomorrow. Played Second Troop return game at 6.00 p.m. and won 25-11. Bowie and Major Russell came over in the evening and we talked till 11.30 p.m.

**Saturday, May 13th**

Woke up to find it pouring rain. After lunch went out and saw the squadron paid. Hear Harrison is returning to the regiment. Very cold and disagreeable weather all day.

**Sunday, May 14th**

Church parade at 9.45. Inspected saddles and horses from 11.00 to 12.00. Timmis left at 12.30 for a week's training with 3rd Cavalry Division. Had inspection of new tool-pack. Tried different schemes and think I have solved it. Played a game of indoor ball at 3.30 p.m. Result of my exam. at Divisional School, 3 excellents. Conference

of squadron commanders at 6.00 p.m. re surplus kit.

**Monday, May 15th**

Squadron parade cancelled as it was raining hard. Went over advance guard work on war map with N.C.O.'s. After lunch had squadron scheme which we were to have had in the morning. Came in at 4.30 p.m. Moss came back from leave. After dinner went to the Chateau for a conference of squadron commanders.

**Tuesday, May 16th**

Squadron parade at 8.30 a.m. Did an outpost scheme till 12.30 p.m. After lunch rode to Hesdin with Newcomen and Moss and had dinner there. Very hot day and roads very dusty. We had lots to do getting into shape for a move on Monday next.

**Wednesday, May 17th**

Squadron parade "marching order" at 8.30 a.m. Moved to drill field and did troop and squadron drill. Back at 12.30 p.m. After lunch rode out with C.O. and all officers to do an advance guard scheme, for which we had to write out orders. After dinner played cards with Wilkes and Steel till 11.00 p.m.

**Thursday, May 18th**

Squadron parade at 8.30 a.m. On drill field at 9 a.m. Carried out scheme, which we went over yesterday. We were flank guard. Rode ten miles. Back 1.30 p.m. Received orders to turn out all packs and two limbers to go to Blangy for inspection by G.O.C. Had no time and only two packs got there. We were complimented on our limbers. Back at 6.00 p.m. Played indoor ball against Third Troop and won. Conference of officers at H.Q. at 8.00 p.m.

**Friday, May 19th**

Regimental parade at 9 a.m. Did squadron drill for an hour and then regimental drill and practise in the dismounted attack. Back at 12.30 p.m. Very busy preparing for move. Orders changed almost every hour. Gave lecture to officers and N.C.O.'s on "Dismounted Attack." Scouts exam. at 2.00 p.m. Went to H.Q. at 5.00 p.m.

**Saturday, May 20th**

Had exercise ride under orderly officer. Very busy till 1.00 p.m. seeing to packs, shoeing of horses,

forage shortage, etc. Inspection of packs and limbers at 2.00 p.m. "Marching out" return to be got ready. After dinner packed things and retired early.

**Sunday, May 21st**

Reveille at 5.00 a.m. Breakfast at 6.00 and parade at 7.30. Regimental parade at 8.30. Brigade left Beil Hesdin at 9.00 a.m. "B" Squadron were flank guard, working as if at night. Very hot and hand very sore; fear poison. Did not get to training area till 5.00 p.m. Rode last part across country, crops, etc. Had trenches to jump. We are at Millencourt, where I found Timmis and handed over. Feeling very seedy and hand a lot worse. Moss fetched doctor, who dressed hand. Went to bed with a temperature of 103.

**Monday, May 22nd.**

Had rotten night; hand pretty bad. M.O. came and put cocaine on hand and opened it up. Hurt like —. Temperature 102. In bed all day.

**Tuesday, May 23rd.**

Hand still bad. M.O. came and probed around a bit. May go to hospital. General Vaughan inspected squadron and seemed to be pleased. "Strau" came to see me in the evening. French retake Douaumont Fort at Verdun.

(To be continued)

Flatback was leaving the party rather early and, on going into the hall and searching the stand, was not able to find his umbrella.

"Are you quite certain you had it when you came in?" asked his host, who had been looking too.

"Quite certain," replied Flatback, coldly.

"Perhaps you left it at Dickson's," suggested the host, feeling that some reflection was being cast upon his house and knowing that Flatback had come from another party.

"Not at all," retorted Flatback. "I wouldn't be so silly as that, for that's where I picked the thing up."

Wife: "Why don't you help me out of the car? You're not so gallant as you used to be when I was a girl."

Hubby: "No, and you're not so buoyant as you used to be when I was a boy."

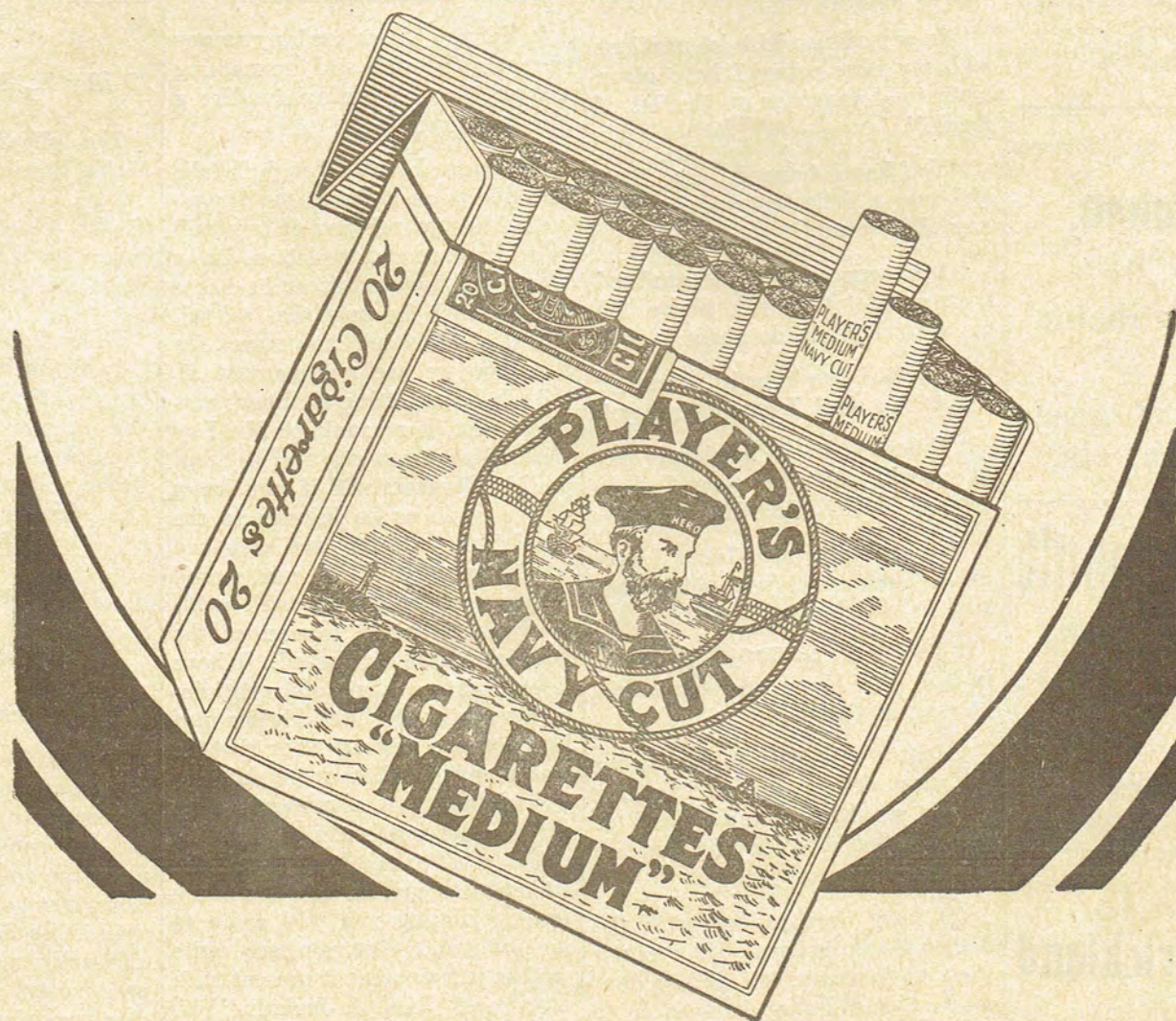


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## Censored— Not Censored.

The following are actual extracts from letters received during the war at the Pay Office from wives of soldiers regarding separation allowances. The humour lies in the fact that they were written in such dead earnest. They are printed exactly as received.

—Fred W. Powell.

"I have not received any pay since my husband went nowhere."

"My husband as been away at the Crystal Palace and got for days and now have gone away to be a mind sweeper."

"We have received your letter. I am his grandmother and father we were born and brought up in this house in answer to your letter."

"Mrs. Hayes has been in bed with a little lad wife of Peter Hayes."

"I write these few lines for Mrs. Morgan who cant write herself she is expecting to be confined and can do with it."

"In accordance with instructions with my ring paper I have given birth to a daughter on the 1st of April."

"You have changed my little girl into a little boy will it make any difference."

"I am expecting to be confined next week. Will you please tell me what I am to do about it."

"my Bill has been in charge of a spittoon shall I get more pay."

"Unless I get my husbands pay at once I shall be compelled to lead an IMMORTAL life."

"In answer to your letter I have given birth to twins hoping that will be satisfactory."

"I received to letters I was ill in bed with Happendesitus it will be very useful now."

"Just a few lines to say owing to your delays in sending my money we have not a morsel of grub in the house hoping you are the same."

"I have been in bed with the doctor for three days. He does not seem to do any good. If you dont send at once I shall have to go to another."

"My husband is dead an I am a widow an i want to pick up what he has dropped."

"In answer to your letter army

form i am no relation to Private Smith but I love him and had three children to him an to are dead."

"Please hurry up with money as we are sitting with empty stomachs and I expect you are sitting with full ones."

"I have not received no pay since my husband was interred in a constipation camp in germany."

"I am GLAD to tell you my husband has been reported dead."

"Will you please send my husbands wrist watch he fell killed in action."

"I shall be glad if you will tell me that my husband is dead as the man I am living with does not know whether his wife is dead and it is awkward what had better be done."

"in accordance with my instructions on my ring paper I gave birth to twins in the enclosed envelope."

"I am writing to tell you that my baby was born two months old when shall I get pay."

"Shall I bring you round my son so you can see it is a real one though I am not his mother."

"Will you please send my money as soon as possible as I am walking the streets of Birmingham like a bloody pauper."

"Respected Sir, Though I take this liberty as it leaves me at present I beg to ask you if you will be so kind enough to let me know where my husband is as he has a wife, though he says she is dead, but I dont think he knows for sure but we are not married although I am getting allotment regular which is no fault of Mr. Loy Gorge who would stop it if he could an Mr. Mackennerif if you know where he is as he belongs to the royal flyin core for ever he joined in January when he was sacked at his work for talking back to his boss which was a woman at the laundry where he worked. I have never had any money since he joined though he tole Mrs. Harris that lived on the ground floor that he was a pretty officer for 6 shillings a week and lots of underclothing for the cold weather. I have twelve children who he has been the father of though he says it was my fault. Hoping you will write to me soon and that you are quite well as it leaves me at present with best love. Mrs. J. Jenkins."

Plymouth megistrate' clerk: — "Are you in the habit of using bad language?"

Defendant: "Oh, no! Just the ordinary swearing."

## Correspondence

Dear Editor:—Am sending you a clipping from our daily, also a paragraph from the editorial comment. The Drags certainly upheld the prestige of the regiment whilst in our city and I was all "tickled to death" to think that I was once a member of he regiment. After a visit to our 4.4 producing plant to examine the horses I felt a proud boy to be seen in their company. Our city was delighted with their visit and everybody I have met passed complimentary remarks on their appearance and horsemanship.

Well, Mr. Editor, I have just received the June copy and I think it is the most interesting copy yet printed. Keep up the good work and pretty soon we will have "The Goat" every two weeks. I heard rumours of a reunion to be held at Niagara with the boys of St. Johns to be present; surely that can be arranged. The pleasure that would be derived from meeting a few more "Old Boys" at that picnic would be wort han extra dollar on our subscription rate.

Wishing you and the boys every success,

Respectfully yours,  
Charles Meeker.  
29 Eby St. N., Kitchener, Ontt.

The following letter received by Major Bowie is self-explanatory:

To the Chief of the Fire Brigade, Barracks of Saint-Jean, Saint-Jean, P.Q.

Dear Sir:—In the name of our City Councillors and all the population, I have the honour to thank you for your great help with your firemen at the fire of the Vanderweghe's Factory last Sunday.

Yours truly,  
Hormisdas Morais,  
Secretary-Treasurer.  
St. Johns, July 9th, 1926.

Ottawa, July 8th, 1926

Editor, "The Goat,"

Dear Editor: — I was glad to note that the Siamese Twins are reading our regimental chronicle, the one conscientious twin who made the enquiry of (Mable) Jim Roberts regarding a quid, the other twin being Fat Goodings. They incidentally, besides their war-time personality, maintain dual post-war positions as being located across the street from one another. So there are a few ex-Drags in Gurney's and the Salada Tea Co.'s Toronto offices who will be "getting Simpson's Goat."

I was also pleased to see that



Bert Ackersteam has subscribed and is in touch with Spot Martin. I would suggest, when Ackie is at the ball park, that he drop a reminder to (Ham-Bone) Jack Hind "the Peg's pitching protege, that the 3rd and 4th Troop, "B," are getting together in "The Goat." There are also Paddy and Larry Doyle at the Bell Hotel. Jasper Fidler comes into the Pig occasionally from Middlechurch and still likes the odd drink. Jim Craddock also, he resides in St. Vital, there is Minty Goodman and many others in Winnipeg, including D. Masse; he nearly won a pot in the O.B.U. football contest, which reminded me of his old adage, "I may be slow but I am winning all the money."

I myself have submitted a few names to the editor and was gratified by results in our last number. Although I have met a good many ex Drags seemingly wherever I go I would get "Blue" looking for an Old Comrade here at the Capital.

In eagerness for this month's issue, I remain,

Felicitously,

"Monsieur Le Po."

13 Handel St., Russell Square,  
London, England,  
June 11th, 1926

Capt. M. H. A. Drury, R.C.D.  
Cavalry Barracks,

St. Johns, P.Q.

Dear Sir:—While reading the April edition of "The Goat," I came across a list of Old Comrades whose addresses are not available, mine being one of them.

It gives me great pleasure in offering you my address (above) which is not likely to be changed for some time, but in case this happens I shall inform you immediately.

I am in receipt of "The Goat" regularly, thanks to a member of "A" Squadron. "The Goat," as a regimental magazine, deserves the highest of praise, which words cannot convey to you in my letter. I also congratulate you and all who have helped to make it what it is.

I could go on for some time explaining my sincere feelings towards "The Goat," but time will not permit me, so must conclude.

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

How I Got My Name

Dear Editor:—In last month's "Goat" I read a letter from one of my old troop, the famous 4th Black Troop of "B" Squadron, and just to satisfy George Simpson I will let you all know how

## "Go West, Young Man."

Major N. Medhurst in Search of the Rainbow's End.

3737 23rd Ave. West,  
Vancouver, B.C.

Editor, "The Goat."

Dear Sir:—Enclosed please find money order for \$2.00, being for subscription to "The Goat." I am afraid I have been very remiss in subscribing before, but now that

I got my name.

I had just left India in December, 1913, with plenty of money, and I thought I would like to see a bit more of the world. So I joined the R.C.D. in London, England, on January 9th, 1914. Col. Thacker and Sergt.-Major C. Bray of the R.C.H.A., enlisted me, and I sailed for Toronto, arriving there on the 20th of January, 1914. A Royal School was about to commence, and when I arrived at the main gate the sentry saluted me and said, "Are you looking for the officers' mess, sir?" I said, "No; I wish to speak to the Regimental Sergeant-Major." "Very good, sir, you will find him either at the mess or at the saddler's shop." So I set out for the latter place, and, behold, another salute from Tommy LeBlair. "Yes, sir, who do you wish to see?" "I am Tpr. Aisthorpe from England." "Very pleased to meet you," he smiled.

In walked S.S.M. James (Jess). "You will be posted to the 4th Troop, Sgt. F. Cox's troop." I was passed on to Freddie, who was very pleased to see me. He wanted by top hat; Cpl. Anstey (George) wanted my gloves and spats; Dissy Epton wanted my walking stick; Hughie Blair asked me for my patent leather shoes; Reg. Carr saw I had some Indian silks, and I was duly introduced to 4th Troop, Tom King, Hallett, Edwards, Sayger. In the evening I thought I would go for a walk as far as Yonge street, when, behold, all the barracks turned out to see me go out—top hat, stick, gloves, and a suit I had made in Bombay, the same pattern as today—and a voice from the 4th Troop window, "There goes Willie off the pickle boat," and ever since I have carried it with honour and pleasure; so now, George Simpson, you know how I got my name. And I suppose I shall always keep it whilst I am in the good old R.C.D.

Yours,

Billie Aisthorpe.

365 McKay St., Ottawa.

I am out here and more or less cut off from old friends, I feel that I shall appreciate it more.

It may be of interest to some of my old comrades to know that I moved out here, having had to move to a milder climate on account of Mrs. Medhurst's health, and am pleased to say that she has been a different woman since our arrival here.

We left Toronto by motor on April 11th and arrived in Vancouver on May 8th, having spent three days in Chicago, and in week in Nelson, B.C. We understand that ours was the first car to make the trip this year. We were very fortunate in having good weather and good roads the whole way, considering that we started so early in the year, having travelled a total distance of 3685 miles.

We came through the following places:

April 11th—Toronto to London via Brantford, where we had lunch with Lieut. W. Sippi, R.C.D.

12th—Left London, passed through Sarnia, Port Huron, Detroit, and arrived at Ann Arbor, Mich.

13th—Left Ann Arbor, passed through Kalamazoo, Chicago, and stayed at Wheaton, a suburb of Chicago.

16th—Left Wheaton and arrived at Manchester, Iowa.

17th—Left Manchester, and arrived at Algoma, Iowa, passing through Waterloo and Charles City.

18th—Left Algoma and arrived at Salem, S.D.

19th—Left Salem and arrived at Redfield, S.D.

20th—Left Redfield and arrived at McIntosh, S.D.

21st—Left McIntosh and arrived at Hettinger, S.D.

22nd—Left Hettinger and arrived at Miles City, Montana.

23rd—Left Miles City and arrived at Columbus, Mont.

24th—Left Columbus and arriv-

ed at Butte, Mont.

25th—Left Butte and arrived at Saltese, Mont.

26th—Left Saltese and passed through Spokane, Wash., and arrived at Newport, Wash.

27th—Left Newport and arrived at Nelson, B.C.

May 5th—Left Nelson and arrived at Mettallini Falls, Wash.

May 6th—Left Mettallini Falls and arrived at Wenatchee, Wash.

7th—Left Wenatchee, passed through Seattle and arrived at Everett, Wash.

8th—Left Everett, crossed the border at Blaine, Wash., and arrived at Vancouver, B.C.

As I said before, we were very fortunate, having had good weather and good roads the whole way, and averaging about 230 miles a day. It certainly makes a wonderful trip, for some of the scenery is wonderful, and the bare dates of the trip do not convey much of what the trip is really like. I don't know if all this is of much interest to you, but I would appreciate it if you would let any of my old friends know that I am here, and anything I can do to help any old members of the regiment I will gladly do. I see Lieut. J. L. Smuck quite often here, also Col. T. Gilman.

Please give my regards to Major Bowie and any old friends who are still serving.

Looking forward with pleasure to receiving "The Goat,"

Yours very truly,

N. MEDHURST.

"I'm sorry, madam," said the clerk to the lady who had called for her passport. "There's been a mistake. We've got your hair down as black instead of fair."

"Oh, well," said the lady, blithely, "will you alter it—or shall I?"

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## Writing Home.

(Continued)

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns,  
July 15th, 1926.

Dear Dad: — Well, here I am again writin my monthly epistol to you and believe me things have been hummin round this berg since I writ last. We have just finished what the Army calls "spring training," but it is just about the same as what Ma calls "spring cleaning" as far as I was concerned. It seemed as if everyone was out doing stunts on horses but me and I was cleanin up the mess they left behind either in the stables or rooms. I guess I kind of got in wrong with my troop sergeant over what I said about the way he talks, though I don't know how he ever found out what I writ you unless he read "The Goat," which I suspects he don't, cause he is the guy what helps get it out, and from the turrible mistakes in printin and spelling I don't think no one reads nothin first.

Well, as I was sayin, Dad, we have been doing spring training here. First we starts off nice and easy like doing equitation, which is the Army name for riding when you are learnin and I sure did laugh to see some of the guys who was supposed to have ridden since Tommy Howe was a boy doing their stuff. Say, Dad, some of these guys can't tell me anything about equitation, and if they say anything to me after this I'll tell 'em. Well, the first morning after we all gets cleaned up and had all our horses lookin grand, the tall skinny guy what holds down the job of boss here, has a headache or somethink, so he tells "The Dook" to take us out. We all goes out on a field near here and after we gets all bawled up trying to do squadron drill, the Dook tells us we don't fit in with his ideas of a lot of cavalymen, so he calls for the troop leaders and tells them to carry on with equitation. My troop, being the only one what has an officer with it, goes off under Captin Hammond, after making several false starts. Say, Dad, this guy Hammond is a bear for smartness. He was all through the game himself and you can't get away with nothin when he is on the job. Some of the guys who remember him in France say that he was the only Quartermaster in the Allied Army who never drunk no rum, but a guy what has charge of the booze and don't drink none has somethink else up his sleeve but his arm, and I heard "Almighty Voice" say one day that he could move a girl with a heart of stone,

and thats why they call him "Lorry."

Well, "Lorry" come gallopin over to us and says "Troop shun" just like he was barking at some one. Before he gets finished with the "shun" he yells "sit at ease," "Troop shunnn," "Not a move." After doing this about six times he gets fed up and says "Sergeant Sheehy, take the troop in equitation," and rides off to look at the daisies with "The Dook." We has a very easy time of it for about an hour and then after a bit more squadron drill, which is worsen than last time, we goes in. A couple of days ago we had a "scheme." Say, Dad, it was fine. The tall skinny guy gets us out on the square and calls out the troop leaders and talks to them for near half an hour. Then the troop leaders comes back and tells us what it is all about. It appears that some fresh guys from Blue Land has got stuck on themselves and has come across the border to look for their bootlegger who was overdue. We has orders to chase 'em back again and make 'em like it. Well, the 1st Troop has to go first accordin to regulations and I sure was glad I was in the 3rd. To show you how serious it was, a guy called Drury, who never comes out with the ordinary soldiers cause he is the adjutant and signs all the letters in the office, bein a pal of "Nobbie's," and was out this morning on a dandy horse what won't stand still. I guess he knows his job though, cause he sends out three men with swords in their hand and they ride separate like one on each side of the road, so as the ennemy, if he is looking down the middle of the road, can't see nothink. Well, after they gets out and the troop goes too, the rest of us follow on and go through the town, where no one seems to be at all excited about the war. Bootleggers are so common there, I guess that they are used to guys from the other side looking for them. I was right at the end of the procession, Dad, and just in front of "Almighty Voice," so I wasn't a bit scared. Well, after riding for nearly an hour, we halts for a while, and "Almighty Voice" goes up to the front to talk things over. When he comes back I arks him what it is all about but don't get no answer. Soon the tall guy comes along and decides to call it a day, so we turns round to go home. This time we are in front, but I don't care about that going home. My troop sergeant tells me to act as a connectin file between us and the guys behind, which means that I have to ride between the end of our lot and the beginning of the next

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outfit and show them the way. It is like the old song goes, "Show me the way to go home."

Well, I rides along watchin the guys in front and thinkin of how I can get a dime from someone to get a glass of beer with, when we get in, when all of a sudden up comes the whole bunch from behind trottin like the dickens and actin as if the devil was after them. "Why don't you watch behind," yells the guy what is the adjutant, "and pass the signals on?" Well, I waives my arms, which is the signal to trot, an after ten minutes or so the guy in front looks round and sees me, so he waives hisn and soon the guys in front is trotting like Hell too. Not wanting to be bawled out again, I keeps lookin round at the guys behind me and rememberin that the adj says to take all signals from him, when all of a sudden I bumps into "Almighty Voice" at the end of the front lot. "What the bbbllll—H—ll are you doing?" he says. "There weren't no signal to walk," says I. "You keep your bbblll—y eyes to the front," he says. Can you beat that?

Your lovin son,

JIM.

## Chicago Notes.

From Major R. Nordheimer, M.C.

Horse shows are in vogue here just now and keen interest is being displayed by the various clubs. The Spur and Saddle Club held a very successful horse show last month, immediately after the South Shore Country Club show, and practically the same horses competed as in the latter. Otto Lehmann's entrees did exceptionally well in the hunter classes, and Mrs. Thompson won most of the harness events. The Milwaukee Horse Show Association held their first show last week and it was largely attended by local people. Milwaukee has a craze for horses just now and some really fine animals have recently been acquired by local enthusiasts.

The Lake Forest Hunt Club held an open air show on Friday and Saturday last at which many of the leading horse owners competed, and next week-end the Fort Sheridan Horse Show takes place. Major West and the officers associated with him have taken endless trouble in getting entries and everyone is looking forward to seeing an especially fine display of horseflesh.

Chicago has been the scene of



many conventions, etc., lately, and in consequence the down-town section has been over-congested. The recent Eucharistic Congress was an event that will live long in the memories of those who participated in it, and even the onlookers will not soon forget the vast crowds who assembled here for this religious demonstration. At Mundelein, where the closing events took place, over 200,000 people journeyed by rail and motor to take part, while at Soldiers Field, during the first few days, half a million people formed the congregation for each open air Mass. Premier Tascherneau made a great impression here by his fine speech, and he did not mince matters in telling his audience that in Quebec they had a real example of freedom in the true sense of the word, religious as well as otherwise. Last week Chicago was the scene of the Moose convention, and this week the Elks are assembling for the opening of their magnificent temple.

The new Homewood Race Track has started its first season of racing. For a time it looked as if the efforts of the promoters were doomed to be wasted, as State Attorney Crow was adamant that betting, even under the mutual sys-

tem, would not be tolerated. The opening day large squads of police were present at the track with orders to arrest anyone using the betting booths. About the third race President Sweetzer arrived with an injunction restraining the police from interfering with the conduct of the mutuals, so all turned out well. The conflict between the attorney and the track officials is still being waged in the courts, but in the meantime the betting goes merrily on. It is hard to imagine any Canadian judge granting an injunction to restrain the police from enforcing the law, but then our ideas of the law are very antiquated according to the American point of view. Anyway, it certainly saved the track in this case and enables the promoters to stage the American Derby, which will be run on July 31st at Homewood for a purse of \$100,000. With Bradley's "Bubbling Over," "Bag-enbagage," "Boot to Boot," and other well-known racers entered, the race should prove a thrilling one, and the crowd will undoubtedly re-imburse the promoters for their outlay.

July 1st, Dominion Day, was celebrated here by three non-serving members of the regiment, Cap-

tain Wilfred Fortye, Captain Harold Bray and myself by lunching together. We had a great old pow-wow over the good old days, and organized the Old Comrades Association of Chicago. Representing as we do, the three largest financial institutions in the city, our being together naturally evoked considerable comment, and although we endeavoured to avoid publicity by lunching in a restaurant not frequented by financial pillars we were somewhat annoyed to find that the news of our coming must have been broadcasted, as on arrival we found the restaurant crowded.

By talking English throughout our meal we were enabled to converse freely without having our conversation understood, so the event passed off quietly without any panic on the Stock Exchange or Wheat Pool. Bray was wearing a new tie and Fortye a brand new straw hat for the occasion, but the writer, having invested all surplus cash in Chicago Motor Coach Preferred, had nothing new except a hearty appetite.

"A long face is brightened by a short skirt," says a dress designer. But the person with the face isn't the person with the skirt.

He had been talking and talking and talking until she was so tired and sleepy that she didn't know whether it was this week or last week, and the clock on the mantelpiece was holding up its hands in protest.

Finally it occurred to the young man that an evening call had its limits, at least in a latitude where the nights were not six months long. "Dear me," he exclaimed, starting up suddenly, "it certainly must be time I was going home." "Oh," said his hostess, in a dazed kind of way, "it must be a good deal later than that."

The seven ages of man have been well tabulated by somebody or other on an acquisitive basis, thus:

First age—Sees the earth.

Second Age—Wants it.

Third Age—Hustles to get it.

Fourth Age—Decides to be satisfied with only about half of it.

Fifth Age—Becomes still more moderate.

Sixth Age—Now content to possess a six-by-two strip of it.

Seventh Age—Gets this strip.

Jack: "May I have the last dance with you?"

Dora: "You've just had it."

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# Sports

## Polo.

The first game on the polo field at St. Johns was played on July 6th, when "A," R.C.D., opposed a team from Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, U.S.A. The day was heavy and cloudy, with rain threatening. At noon heavy showers began to fall but cleared off as the afternoon wore on. At the scheduled time for the commencement of the game the rain had quite cleared away, but many who would otherwise have attended as spectators were reluctant to face the possibilities of the fickle weather.

The ground was a trifle sticky, but notwithstanding this the game was fought out at a pretty fast pace and was always exciting, with first one and then the other side in the lead. Major-General MacBrien and Col. McMillan were a tower of strength for the home team, while Lt. Dewey and Major Herr showed up strongly for the visitors. Major Bowie and Captain Hammond, who were breaking in to the game for the first time, put up a very creditable performance. The American team had the advantage in ponies, but the stick-handling of the Canadians compensated to a great extent for this.

Capt. Hammond opened the scoring in the first chukker for the Dragoons, and shortly afterwards Lt. Dewey equalized. The Americans assumed the lead in the second chukker when Lt. Dewey and Capt. Dupuy scored, but towards the end of the chukker Colonel McMillan narrowed the margin separating the teams. Major-General MacBrien relieved Major Bowie for the third chukker, and after a splendid effort, evened the score. From a melee in front of the American goal one of the ponies kicked the ball between the uprights, putting the Dragoons one up, and Col. McMillan augmented this margin when he added another towards the end of the chukker. Half time score, Dragoons 5; Fort Ethan Allen, 3.

After the interval the Canadian ponies appeared to be feeling the effects of the fast pace. In the fourth chukker the Americans drew level when Lt. Dewey and Capt. Dunn tallied. The visitors were having most of the play. The fifth chukker proved scoreless, both teams working hard, but the splendid defensive play of both backs kept the score down. The sixth and last chukker was perhaps the fastest of the game. Ponies

and players seemed to pull out an extra notch. Four goals were scored in this period, which will give a slight idea of the pace. Major Bowie relieved Major Sawers. After a minute's play Capt. Dunn put the Americans in the lead. Then Major-Gen. MacBrien took the ball the length of the field in a splendid rush and from the ensuing mix-up in front of the visitors' goal, Capt. Hammond evened the score. The last goal for the Americans was scored by Lt. Laws, and Col. McMillan got the final tally for the Dragoons. Gen. MacBrien nearly brought about a decisive result when he shaved the American goal with the last hit of the game.

After the game both teams and visitors were entertained in the officers' mess. Tea was served on the lawn at 5.30 p.m.

The teams were as follows:

Dragoons:—1, Major Bowie; 2, Capt. Hammond; 3, Major Sawers; Back, Col. McMillan; Alternative 1, Major-Gen. MacBrien.

Fort Ethan Allen—1, Lt. Dewey; 2, Capt. Dupuy; 3, Capt. Dunn; Back, Major Herr; Alternative 2, Lt. Laws.

Referee—Lt. Corridon.

### Fort Ethan Allen vs. Dragoons

The return game was played on Thursday, July 8th. Rain, which had been threatening all morning, fell very heavily in the early afternoon. Though the field was decidedly slippery, it was decided to start the game and hope for the best. Major-General MacBrien arrived in a hydroplane from Quebec, where he had been attending a funeral. The general had left Ottawa in the early morning, and after the funeral immediately started for St. Johns, arriving just before the game started, with not even time to assuage the pangs of the inner man. Despite the rain a large attendance was on hand to witness the final encounter in the series between the teams. After the interval the rain fell in such torrents that the game had to be called. At the time the Americans were three up, with no response from the Dragoons, so the honours went to the visitors.

The first chukker was scoreless. Play was very even and each side missed several fine openings. Major Talbot opened the scoring for the visitors in the second chukker. The Americans had the best of the exchanges in this period. Lt. Alexander put the Fort Ethan Allen team further ahead when he scored from a splendid shot in the third chukker. Half time, Fort Ethan Allen, 2; Dragoons 0.

Shortly after the resumption of

play Capt. Ferrin notched another point for the visitors, and then the "floodgates of heaven" opened and the game was called. The condition of the field interfered to a large extent with the play, but nevertheless the game was always interesting while it lasted. Major-General MacBrien played a whale of a game for the Dragoons and had extremely hard luck in not scoring on several occasions.

Result: Fort Ethan Allen 3; Dragoons 0.

Fort Ethan Allen—1, Major Talbot; 2, Lt. Williams; 3, Capt. Ferrin; Back, Capt. Paae; Alternative 1, Lt. Alexander.

Dragoons—1, Major Bowie; 2, Gen. MacBrien; 3, Major Sawers; 4, Col. McMillan.

Referee—Lt. Laws.

A dance was held in the officers' mess in the evening, and was attended by both teams and many visitors from the United States and Montreal.

### Montreal vs. Dragoons.

The Montreal Polo Club visited St. Johns on Saturday, July 17th, and defeated the local team by 10—0. The Dragoons' ponies were outclassed by the splendid animals of

the visiting team. The weather was all that could be desired and numerous visitors from Montreal and St. Johns were present.

Blair Gordon opened up the scoring for Montreal in the first chukker, and for the remainder of the period play was just about even. The Montreal team predominated in the second chukker, scoring two goals through the efforts of Bart Ogilvie. The third chukker produced a fine display of horsemanship by both teams, but Montreal would not be denied and Blair Gordon increased their lead by two fine goals. Half-time found the visitors leading by 5—0.

The Dragoons made their best effort after the interval, but the breaks of the game went against them and the best they could do was to hold their opponents, scoreless in this chukker. Blair Gordon scored the best goal of the match in the fifth chukker. Taking the ball from the boards, he drove it across the Dragoon goal, and following up, scored with a terrific back-hand stroke. The Dragoons then made their best effort to break into the scoring column. Capt. Hammond got through but had hard luck in hitting the up-

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right. Before the chukker ended S. Dobell added another for Montreal. In the sixth and last chukker Montreal got two more goals, Blair Gordon and G. Reid being responsible. The Dragoons put up a splendid fight against great odds and were always in the picture. Montreal never took things easy, and all their goals were the result of strenuous efforts. Col. McMillan did not play half the game he put up against the Americans.

Tea was served on the officers' lawn after the game.

Montreal—1, B. Ogilvie; 2, B. Gordon; 3, S. Dobell; Back, G. Reid.

Dragoons—1, Major Bowie; 2, Major Sawers; 3, Capt. Hammond; Back, Col. McMillan.

Referee—Lt.-Col. G. L. Ogilvie.

### SOFT-BALL

On Sunday, June 27th, a team representing the Royal Highlanders of Canada, from Montreal, visited St. Johns to oppose a team from "A" Squadron. A hard game was expected, as the visitors were the champions of the Montreal League.

The first few innings were very evenly contested, but the pace eventually proved too hot for the "Kilties," and when the "Dragons" staged a "merry-go-round" in the eighth frame they went all to pieces. In this inning the runs streaked over the plate so fast that the umpire had to be supplied with a bucket of water to keep things cool, and Tpr. Gilmore, captain of the home team, was sorely tempted to follow the example of the Australian cricket team by declaring his side out. The game finished with the score of 21—11 in favour of the "Dragons."

After the game the visitors were entertained in the men's mess-room.

### FOOTBALL

#### R.C.D. vs. Singer

The meeting of the above teams attracted a big crowd to the barracks ground. In the first half the soldiers did most of the attacking but their forwards did not work together and consequently failed to find the net. The Singer scored through a misunderstanding of the home full-backs and the goalkeeper and the half was allowed to roll slowly through the gathered concourse and into the net. Early in the second half Singer got a second goal when Neithercut scored from a free-kick from a range of about twenty-five yards. From then on until

the end of the game the Drags pressed hotly, but the cohesion between the half-back line and the forward line was not all that it should be. The halves constantly kicked the ball over the forwards' heads, giving the latter very little chance at all. Towards the end Dooley scored a pretty goal from the wing. This concluded the scoring, and the game ended with the score 2—1 in favour of Singer.

The squadron would do well to retain the forward line that proved successful in early games. Experiments are quite in order in their place, but not in league games.

### CRICKET

#### R.C.D. vs. Windsor Hotel

The return game between the above teams was played on June 28th. The Hotel men borrowed Beetham from the Drags, and Beetham showed his sense of "esprit de corps" by capturing seven of his comrades' wickets. He also performed the rare feat of taking four wickets in one over. The Drags batted first and knocked up the modest total of 47, fifteen being extras. The Windsor team was only successful in scoring 42 runs, of which fifteen were extras.

#### Summary:

##### "A" Squadron

Russell, b. Beetham .....	0
Dawkes, b. Beetham .....	4
Dooley, l.b.w., b. Merritt .....	3
Mouniford, b. Merritt .....	11
Story, b. Beetham .....	0
Sheehy, b. Beetham .....	0
English, b. Beetham .....	8
Forgraves, b. Beetham .....	0
Boisseau, b. Merritt .....	3
Shorrocks, not out .....	3
Green, b. Beetham .....	0
Extras .....	15
Total .....	47

##### Windsor Hotel

Roberts, b. Russell .....	4
Bates, run out .....	0
Shatwell, b. Russell .....	3
Gage, run out .....	4
Sargent, b. Dawkes .....	4
Merritt, c. Dooley, b. Russell ..	1
Stansfield, b. Russell .....	5
Beetham, l.b.w., b. Russell .....	3
Merryth, c. Dooley, b. Russell ..	2
Leslie, b. Russell .....	1
Vanderweghe, run out .....	0
Extras .....	15
Total .....	42

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## Militia Camp Athletics

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### The Riley Shield (Despatch Ride)

The competition for the Riley Shield, presented by Lt.-Col. James J. Riley, former commanding officer of the 17th Duke of York's Royal Canadian Hussars, was held during the recent militia camp at St. Johns, around a specially prepared course in the vicinity of the barracks, the distance being roughly about three miles. The competition was open to all officers in camp, seven of whom competed. Numbers were drawn prior to the race, competitors starting in the numbered order of the drawn cards. Points were awarded as follows:

Condition of horse, 50 points; Jumping, 20 points; Speed in covering course, 30 points.

A deduction of five points was made for every minute or fraction thereof behind the best time.

The course was planned by Lt.-Col. McMillan, assisted by S.S.M. Smith, and was laid in such an able manner that the large gathering of spectators were able to witness the whole course of the race.

Results follow:

- 1.—Capt. L. D. Hammond, R.C.D., on "Buster," 28 points.
- 2.—Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., R.C.D., on "Teddy," 35 points.
- 3.—Major M. L. Brady, M.C., 11th Hussars, 82 points.
- 4.—Capt. H. E. Steele, 17th D.Y.R.C.H., 82 points.
- 5.—Major F. Sawers, M.C., R.C.D., 80 points.
- 6.—Capt. H. W. Johnston, 17th D.Y.R.C.H., 78 points.
- 7.—Major G. C. Semple, 7th Hussars, 65 points.

This trophy was not competed for last year owing to the absence of the Permanent Force in the strike area. Capt. M. H. A. Drury, R.C.D., won the shield in 1924.

### Merritt Challenge Cup

The following are the conditions and regulations governing the competition for the above trophy:

Judges to be appointed from officers of the Permanent Force.

To be competed for by teams of four from units of the Non-Permanent Active Militia.

Total points for each horse and rider, 100, divided as follows: 10 points for ownership; 10 points for appointments; 30 points for conformation and quality (suitability for cavalry work being taken into



consideration); 50 points for performance over three jumps; one of brush, 3 feet 6 inches high; one of timber, 3 feet 6 inches high; and the last of timber, 4 feet high. The jumps fifty feet apart. Officers jumping singly twice round course.

Points to be deducted as follows:

Touch behind,  $\frac{1}{4}$  point; Touch front,  $\frac{1}{2}$  point; Knock down behind, 1 point; Knock down front, 2 points; First refusal at any jump, 2 points; Second refusal, 2 points; Third refusal, eliminated; Fall, horse or rider, eliminated.

Trials to take place in the open at camp or camp schools of instruction. Regulation saddles, bridles, and bits to be used. Dress, drill order without swords.

The 17th Duke of York's Royal Canadian Hussars was the only unit to enter a team for this competition during the 1926 camp at St. Johns. The team consisted of Lt.-Col. L. McM. Hooker, Capt. R. H. Todd, Capt. H. W. Johnston and Capt. M. C. Steele. These officers put up a very good performance over the stiff obstacles.

#### Dismounted Sports

On Sunday, June 27th, the personnel of the various non-permanent units in camp at St. Johns held their annual field day. The event was favoured by fine weather and a numerous crowd was on hand to witness the many closely-contested events. The honours of the day went to the 7th Hussars, they carrying off the majority of the points. The 17th D.Y.R.C.H. gained second place. The results in detail are appended:

100 Yards Dash—Sig. Johnson, J., 7th Hussars; Tpr. Bedding, H., 17th D.Y.R.C.H.; Tpr. Cathcart, E.T.M.R.

Half Mile Race—Sgt. Seale, 7th Hussars; S.M. Breton, 7th Hussars; Tpr. Johnson, J., 7th Hussars.

Sack Race—Tpr. Coates, C., 7th Hussars; Tpr. MacFarlane, E.T.M.R.; Tpr. Blier, E.T.M.R.

Three-Legged Race—S.M. Breton and Sgt. Seale, 7th Hussars; Lieut. Bates and Lieut. Peterson, 17th D.Y.R.C.H.

Relay Race—S.M. Breton, Sgt. Seale, Sig. Johnson, T., Sig. Johnson, J., 7th Hussars; Capt. Todd, Tpr. Brown, Tpr. Taite, Tpr. Bedding, 17th D.Y.R.C.H.

Obstacle Race—Sig. Johnson, J., 7th Hussars; S.M. Breton, 7th Hussars; Sig. Johnson, T., 7th Hussars.

High Jump—Tpr. Beddini, 17th D.Y.R.C.H.; Sgt. Seale, 7th Hussars; Tpr. McDonald, 17th D.Y.R.C.H.

Broad Jump—Tpr. Bedding, 17th D.Y.R.C.H.; Sgt. Seale, 7th

Hussars; Sig. Johnson, J., 7th Hussars.

Putting the Shot—Sgt. Seale, 7th Hussars; Capt. Pratt, 7th Hussars; Tpr. Coates, 7th Hussars.

Tug of War—7th Hussars beat E.T.M.R.; 11th Hussars beat 17th D.Y.R.C.H.; 7th Hussars beat 11th Hussars.

#### Mounted Sports

The annual mounted sports of the non-permanent active militia in camp at St. Johns were held on the afternoon of Thursday, July 1st. The weather man was kind and many friends of those in camp visited our bustling metropolis to take in this event. Throughout the afternoon the competition was very keen, and the final division of the points between the regiments was fairly even. The programme is appended:

- 1.—Wrestling on Horseback (teams of four).
- 2.—V.C. Race.
- 3.—Alarm Race.
- 4.—Potato Race.
- 5.—House-wives' Race.
- 6.—Final, Wrestling on Horseback.

### Former Officer Plans Unique Polar Trip.

I had the good fortune to interview our old Paymaster, Captain Wilfred Fortye, on his proposed trip to Arctic regions, and quote verbatim from his interview, which was given exclusively to "The Goat."

There have been so many arguments lately as to who did or did not discover the North Pole and whether it was ever discovered at all, that I have decided to finance an expedition to the Pole with the help of our genial manager and manage it myself. From my experience in the frigid managerial atmosphere in our Branch, I have every confidence that I can stand the rigours of the Arctic Circle and if not I might just as well be frozen there as here. My main object is not only to find the North Pole but to make it stay found.

We are now making active preparations for the Fortye-Turner expedition and inasmuch as we will work several new dodges in regards to melting ice, etc., we have every reason to believe that we will be successful. If we do not discover the North Pole we will at least discover a good alibi. Our expedition has no connection with the one being financed by John D. Jr. and Edsel Ford, which will go by dirigible or airplane. Several other expeditions are now being organized and will go to the Pole in

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various ways. There are a number of things which must be taken care of before any polar trip can be a success. One is Pemmican. Nobody can go very far north of the Canadian line without Pemmican. It is one of the three main articles of food for explorers. Eating pemmican is one of the hardest ordeals I expect to encounter but my training as a member of "B" Mess in France with the Drags will again stand me in good stead.

Nobody knows exactly what pemmican is made of except that it is some kind of ground meat. Motoring tourists have been known to live for weeks on hot dogs and ice cream cones, but both of these are more palatable than pemmican. Pemmican has the nutritive qualities of cold wheat cake but none of the delightful flavour. It is a mystery dish something like Maconachie ration. After six weeks of pemmican, a piece of buffalo robe or a dog collar is a welcome relief. One explorer almost reached the Pole because he had the presence of mind to save his handbag to the last. After the last dog and dog-harness had been eaten he went afoot with nothing but his hand-bag. Sad to relate, he did not figure on food for the return trip so the results of his expedition are still in doubt. Our boat, the "Overdraft," will be of peculiar design and will steer like an automobile, having a rubber keel which will allow us to steer in and out among the ice. One man is going ahead on a high-wheeled bicycle. He will in this way be able to see the North Pole before we get there, thus saving the loss of time in circling round, as was the case of Commander Byrd. The Fortye-Turner expedition, named

after the financiers, both of whom are intrepid explorers, will go by boat in the good old-fashioned way. Those who use boats get somewhere even if they don't get to the Pole, and, what is more important, most of them get back home. In all the pictures of Polar expeditions I have seen, they have been sitting on top of the ice, and no boat runs well that way. Now the iron grating or grill on the bottom of our ship can be made red hot in ten minutes and will immediately begin eating its way down through the ice until the ship is again in the water.

Our costumes will be the conventional bear hides. Of course we must first catch our polar bears and skin them, but that will be easy. Nobody who has worked in the Bank of Montreal in Chicago as long as I have will have any difficulty in skinning a polar bear. We shall bring back a few Eskimos with us in order to bear out our word as to the discovery of the Pole. Of course, there is the barest chance that the word of the Eskimos may be no better than ours, but all great explorers take such chances. Upon our return from the Pole every member of our party will write a book on the subject and give his impressions. The expedition will start sometime next year, which is definite enough. It will return eventually—if the dog harness holds out."

Two Irish women were discussing the death of a mutual friend. Said one: "What did he die of?"

"Gangrene," was the reply.

"Well, thank hiven for the colour, anyway."



# The Historic Richelieu Valley

(By Major the Rev A. H. Moore, M.A.)

The Editor has asked me to write a series of papers for "The Goat," telling something of the Richelieu's story, and I have consented with many misgivings. The subject is so large and it has been so neglected that one finds it rather difficult to collect data for a connected story. I do not write as professing to be an authority on the subject but as one who is intensely interested in it and who hopes that what may be written in these papers may interest some readers, and perhaps encourage some one to take up the subject and do far more ample justice to it than I can hope to do.

No student of history can possibly miss the significance of great rivers in a nation's history. The world's great waterways were open to explorers, military leaders, settlers, long before inland territory was opened up. In this respect the noble Richelieu was no exception. It requires no stretch of the imagination to picture the canoes of the dusky red men sweeping silently along its placid surface in the prehistoric days long before the river was known to white men. And since the days of recorded history the Richelieu has been regarded as one of Canada's most strategic rivers to be guarded with the greatest care.

I fancy that the vast majority of Canadians who have gazed upon the placid waters of the stately Richelieu are unmindful of the fact that its whole course is replete with historical association. On the occasion of the visit of the late William T. Stead to Canada, he was shown the even course of this mighty river from one of the mountain tops near by. His conductor remarked upon the majesty of the scene and how it invited comparison with Old Country streams. Mr. Stead demurred to having it compared with rivers of the old world. "Why," said he, "you would never compare that river with the Thames, for example. That river is nothing but water!" When questioned as to what the Thames really was, back came his laconic answer, "Liquid history!"

The Canadian who has sat beside the Richelieu and let his memory of the long past quicken his imagination, can never accept Mr. Stead's qualification. To him it is not "just water"; it also becomes LIQUID HISTORY. My task is to justify that claim on its behalf.

## The Background of the Story

May I now ask you to accept with me the leadership of Francis Parkman, back across the years into that early morning light which the Pioneers of Old France brought into this New World. Here is the picture:

"The French Dominion is a memory of the past; but when we evoke its departed shades, they rise upon us from their graves in strange, romantic guise. Again their ghostly camp fires seem to burn, and the fitful light is cast around on lord and vassal and black-robed priest, mingled with wild forms of savage warriors, knit in close fellowship on the same stern errand. A boundless vision grows upon us; an untamed continent; vast wastes of forest verdure; mountains, silent in primeval sleep; river, lake, and glittering pool; wilderness oceans mingling with the skies. Such was the domain which France conquered for civilization. Plumed helmets gleamed in the shade of its forests, priestly vestments in its dens and fastnesses of ancient barbarism. Men steeped in antique learning, pale with the close breath of the cloister, here spent the noon and evening of their lives, ruled savage hordes with a mild, parental sway, and stood serene before the direst shapes of death. Men of courtly nurture, heirs to the polish of a far-reaching ancestry, here with their dauntless hardihood put to shame the boldest sons of toil." \*

In this way Parkman acquaints his readers with the background of recorded history in New France, but we do well to muse a bit on the period preceding the advent of the white man. In the days when the Iroquois held domain over the Upper St. Lawrence and when the Island of Montreal was his headquarters, before he was driven southward by the Algonquins, the "Iroquois River" (as the Richelieu was then known) was his highway to rich regions that lay southward. (The Richelieu was also sometimes called the Sorel river). Later on, when driven across Lake Ontario, this river became his great means of access into the very heart of the country of his ene-

mies, the Algonquins and the Montagnais. Consequently the territory along its bank was almost neutral ground; a kind of no-man's land, wherein eternal vigilance was the price that had to be paid for existence.

Recorded history begins with Champlain, who, in 1603, made an alliance with the Montagnais, and promised to assist them in their wars against their ancient and remote enemies—the Iroquois. The years went by, and in 1609 the Montagnais chief reminded Champlain of his promise. The result was Champlain's first and much-criticized expedition against the Iroquois. To this act of his has been attributed the undying hostility of the Five Nations against the French, the Lachine massacre, and a whole long list of terrible atrocities. If, on the other hand, we remember that the French colony at Quebec could not hope to exist save with the friendship of the neighbouring Indians; that these barbarians could have overthrown Champlain's work in a single day, and that he chose a near and necessary friendship, even if it cost him the enmity of a remote foe, we shall perhaps qualify the common view and we may even give Champlain credit for an ambition to come ultimately into friendly relations with the Iroquois when his strength had been manifested to them.

But, leaving this controverted point, we take up Champlain's own narrative of this historic expedition. Entering the "Iroquois River," which he had been led to believe to be navigable throughout its course, he presently found his progress arrested by the rapids at Chambly. This obstruction nearly caused the plan to be abandoned. None of Champlain's French companions wished to proceed, but two ultimately volunteered to accompany him, the others and many Indians returned to Quebec. He pressed on with his two white companions and sixty Indians, in 24 canoes. They paused to explore Isle Ste. Therese, about six miles above Chambly, and camped that night somewhere near the site on which now stands St. Johns. On the following day, July 4th, 1609, Champlain entered the great lake which bears his name, having traversed the entire course of the Richelieu throughout its upwards of 75 miles. As Kingsfort, Canada's great historian, has well conjectured, little could he have guessed that its forest-fringed banks would be the scene of such turbulent times in the stormy years of the future. At the extreme end of Lake Champlain, probably at Ticonderoga, Cham-



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\*Vol. 8, P. XVIII, Frontenac Edn.



plain fell in with a party of Iroquois, and was instrumental in gaining a signal victory for his allies, the Montagnais.

As one reads Champlain's story, he must make allowance for conjecture and inaccuracies. Isle Ste. Therese, which he says was three leagues in length, is actually less than three miles long, and other distances given are often equally wild guesses, but the narrative is sufficiently explicit to enable us to follow his progress with comparative accuracy. Champlain lifts the curtain that discloses the great drama of three centuries of life, centuries that are studded here and there with events along the Richelieu of momentous importance to the whole continent; events that represent the conflict of two great races for supremacy; events that still have no small significance for the province of Quebec and for Canada today.

(To be continued)

Bridget: "There's a man at the door with a parcel marked C.O. D."

Mrs. Newbride: "Tell him to take it back at once. I ordered salmon."

"Nothing the matter with you at all," said the doctor. You are in perfect health. Why, your pulse is like clockwork."

"No wonder," said the patient, "you've got your fingers on my wrist-watch."

A "dry" sleuth is reported as missing in Vermont, but it is not explained who is missing him.

Willesden magistrate to a deaf man: "Can you hear the witness?"

Man: "No, I should like to because he is the biggest liar in Willesden."

"Are you better off for getting married?"

"Yes. Formerly I had good quarters, and now I have a better half."

"There are just two things that break up most of the happy homes nowadays."

"What are they?"

Woman's love for dry goods and a man's love for wet goods."

Teacher: "Now Robert, what is a niche in a church?"

Robert: "Why, it's just the same as an itch out of church, except that you can't scratch it so well."

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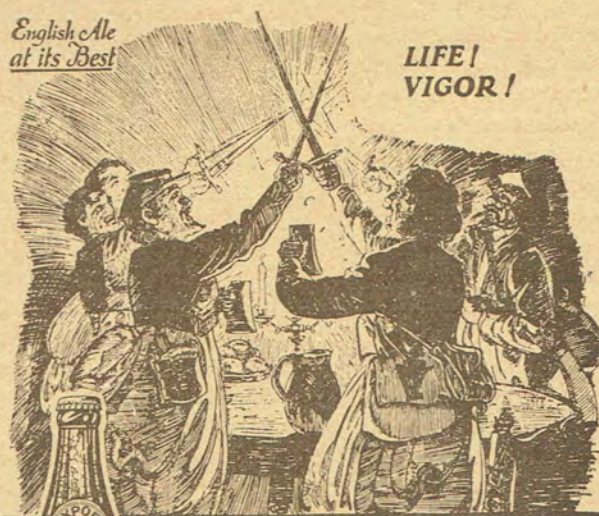
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